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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

IMOGEN.

(A LADY OF TENDER AGE.)

Ladies, where were your bright eyes
glancing,

Where were they glancing yesternight?
Saw ye Imogen dancing, dancing,
Imogen dancing all in white?
Laughed she not with a pure delight,
Laughed she not with a joy serene,
Stepped she not with a grace entrancing,
Slenderly girt in silken sheen?

All through the night from dusk to day-
time

Under her feet the hours were swift,
Under her feet the hours of playtime
Rose and fell with a rhythmic lift:
Music set her adrift, adrift,
Music eddying towards the day
Swept her along as brooks in Maytime
Carry the freshly falling May.

Ladies, life is a changing measure,
Youth is a lilt that endeth soon;
Pluck ye never so fast at pleasure
Twilight follows the longest noon.
Nay, but here is a lasting boon,
Life for hearts that are old and chill,
Youth undying for hearts that treasure
Imogen dancing, dancing still.

Longman's Magazine. HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE SKYLARK.

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
The virginal untroubled sky,
And this vexed region at my feet,—
Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade of mundane care;
They amid mortal mists are made,—
Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears,
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.
O, high above the home of tears,
Eternal Joy, sing on!

Not loftiest bard of mightiest mind,
Shall ever chant a note so pure,
Till he can cast this earth behind
And breathe in heaven secure.

WILLIAM WATSON.

AD CINERARIUM.

Who in this small urn reposes—
Celt or Roman, man or woman,
Steel of steel or rose of roses?

Whose the dust set rustling slightly,
In its hiding-place abiding,
When this urn is lifted lightly?

Sure some mourner deemed immortal
What thou holdest and enfoldest,
Little house without a portal!

VICTOR PLARR.

THE BALLADE OF BRAVE MEN.

A song for the men so true,
The sailors of sunken ships,
The sport of the winds that blew,
Devoured by the waves' white lips.
There, where the seagull dips,
There, 'neath the sky so blue,
There, where the schoolboy strips—
Brave men, there is rest for you.

A song for the shipwrecked crew,
The men of the docks and slips,
Propelled by a sail or screw
You made many perilous trips;
With the canvas torn to strips,
Before the gale you flew;
No more the wild wind whips—
Brave men, there is rest for you.

A song for the men too few—
For nature so few equips—
Who drink that awful brew
That only a brave man sips.
The stanchest of ships are chips:
No power can the sea subdue.
No longer the cold spray drips—
Brave men, there is rest for you.

WILLIAM S. LORD.

PSALM XXV. 15.

I ask not for Thy love, O Lord: the days
Can never come when anguish shall atone.
Enough for me were but Thy pity shown
To me as to the stricken sheep that strays,
With ceaseless cry for unforgotten ways.
Oh, lead me back to pastures I have
known,

Or find me in the wilderness alone,
And slay me as the hand of mercy slays.

I ask not for Thy love, nor e'en so much
As for a hope on Thy dear breast to lie;
But be Thou still my Shepherd—still with
such
Compassion as may melt to such a cry;
That so I hear Thy feet, and feel Thy
touch,

And dimly see Thy face ere yet I die.

G. J. ROMANES.

From The Revue des Deux Mondés.
ALL-SOULS' EVE IN LOWER BRITTANY.

"La terre de la Patrie de quoi serait-elle faite
Sinon de ceux qui y sont enterrés?"

"If you want to see a regular *nuit des morts* you should come and spend All-Saints with us in the mountains. We are not so keen for novelty as they are down on the coast. They have abandoned all the old customs, but we keep them up. You come and see! It's worth while."

It was the *pillawer*, as they call him in the Bréton tongue,—that is, the itinerant rag-man, who spoke thus. He and I have the same name, and he considers that we are somehow related. It may very well be that our ancestors belonged to the same clan. At all events he never fails, when making his rounds to pay me a short visit. He is an excellent man, and for all the rusticity of his aspect, he knows perfectly what he is about. On this occasion he went on to say: "I live in Spézet, when I live anywhere. It's not a pretty village, and the country is considered rather wild. Life is hard there. You eat your bread, not merely in the sweat of your brow, as the Book says, but in the sweat of all your limbs. The story goes that Wealth and Poverty started for Brittany together, but Wealth went down by the shore, while Poverty kept up among the hills. Oh yes, we are poor. God meant we should be. The best we can do for our dead, is to offer them a little brown bread and bacon, and a glass of milk. But they always find the table spread when the hour comes for that meal to which they have a right, once a year. It's not so with you rich folks down on the coast. The hill-country is the place, I tell you! You have money, but we have religion. You come to Spézet! My wife keeps a little inn, and you shall be our guest. Hempen sheets and corn bread smell so good! And then, you see, it is only up in the mountains, that All-Souls' Eve is still kept as it should be."

I.

The Brétons have a striking name for

November. They call it the black month. The delicate blue tints which bathed the horizon in the bright days of early autumn begin to fade and darken; and as the fogs grow more dense, a melancholy greyness, vague at first but soon becoming fixed and permanent, silently envelops the entire landscape. I know few things more impressive than the road from Quimper to Spézet over the Montagne-Noire in the black month. A keen wind smites you in the face, the moment you are outside the suburbs of the town; still, so long as you are skirting the red hills, and the valleys with their lingering tints of yellowish green, something of the gaiety of prosperous Cornouailles stays with you. Then, suddenly, you begin the climb into a very different sort of country; you seem to be ascending, step by step, a vast and sombre staircase. On either side of you, the land lies waste, a stern, colorless funereal desert. Few trees or none—a sickly dwarf oak or two, twisted and deformed—an occasional group of pines, moaning audibly, as it would seem, over the surrounding desolation. In all the pass, there is not one of those rural inns, those licensed victuallers with a bunch of mistletoe or a bough of laurel hung out by way of sign, which you find scattered along the waysides everywhere else in Brittany. The carriers fight shy of these solitudes, yet the road is wide, and here and there it recalls the forlorn majesty of certain avenues in the neighborhood of Versailles. It might be made out of the ill-joined sections of some ancient Roman way. After passing Brieç,—the capital of the canton, a town whose administrative importance is emphasized to the passer-by, chiefly by the zinc flag over the police-station, squeaking in the wind like a rusty vane, you plunge at once into the true Ménez—or wild mountain country.

It is an inhospitable region, haunted by legends which are little calculated to reassure the mind. The famous woman-bandit, Marion du Faouët, whose name is never mentioned without a shudder even now, practised her

abominations here in the eighteenth century. In the cry of the osprey, the mountaineers think they hear the shriek of her whistle, "which was so sharp that it pierced the traveller's soul, and so loud that it brought the leaves off the trees." Her ghost continues to pervade the region, riding on stormy nights a beast of darkness whose hoofs make no noise, but only leave streaks of blood along the ground. The very names of the places call up sinister images, and the only hamlet in all this desert—such a pitiful one!—is named *Laz*, which means murder.

A local proverb offers the following advice to travellers in the mountains: "When you leave Brieç cross yourself. When you turn off toward Laz invoke your guardian angel." For if brigands are no longer to be feared one is still exposed to the ill-offices of those spirits inimical to man, who hold undisputed sway over these inviolate altitudes. The popular memory is inexhaustible, as regards the nasty tricks which have been played by the uncanny folk upon inoffensive wayfarers. They shut you up in enchanted rings. They unroll before you magic footpaths, where you may go on and on forever—walking as it were, in your sleep and never waking.

It is evident therefore that, in spite of its apparent loneliness, the Ménez is only too densely inhabited. And I have not said a word about the genuine ghosts, who are as thick there as heather and rushes. It is, in fact, a sort of terrestrial annex to purgatory, a place of probation and penitence for disembodied souls. The rather monumental aspect of the crests of black schist which bristle along the hilltops, may have had its part, I fancy, in inducing this belief. The eye is caught on every side, by rocky ridges, and pyramidal piles of stones, which remind one strongly of the burial-places of barbaric times. Here and there, as far as the eye can reach, huge mysterious cairns may be discerned set in rows along the horizon, and the whole country does in fact present the

aspect of an immense pre-historic cemetery.

Communication with Spézet is rare and not easy. On the advice of my friend the rag-man whose name is Ronan Le Braz, I had availed myself of a carrier's wagon which had gone down the night before, to the market at Quimper, and was returning to the mountains laden with all sorts of merchandise. I had perched myself upon the top of this miscellaneous mass, and my position if not precisely comfortable was a good one for observation. My conductress, for the carrier was a woman, sat on one of the shafts, with her legs hanging, and exchanged a few words from time to time, now with the sorry nag who composed her entire team, and now with myself. She was a great wild-looking creature, almost a giantess. On her head, which was too small for her body, she wore a little flat cap, and her rough speech was decidedly masculine. Perfectly acquainted with the peculiarities of the route which she travelled from fifteen to twenty times a year, she instructed me concerning them, as occasion arose, in curt terms, interrupted by the oaths which she addressed to her beast. Absorbed in that setting of sombre legend, I let the conversation drop, as we drew near to Laz, and we proceeded for some time in silence. My companion even ceased to abuse her nag, whose pace slackened while his bells tinkled more feebly. Moreover we were rounding a grassy coomb, upon a very steep incline, and loaded as we were, it would have been imprudent to hurry. Relieved from the shock of incessant jolting, I could admire at my ease, the weird and spectral aspect worn in the early dusk by the colossal masses of distorted schist, lifting their grinning profiles in silhouette against the low-hung sky. All at once in obedience to some mysterious impulse, the woman began to hum disconnected fragments of some rustic lament. Her voice, muffled at first, rose, little by little, to a powerful and piercing pitch; and I shall never forget the strange impression I received as I

heard soaring into the twilight and re-echoed from afar, across the vast sepulchral country—that strong, hoarse monody—that wild incantation fraught with a sort of tragic grandeur. The stony shapes of the Ménez seemed bending their ears to listen, and shudderings of awe and mystery passed over the landscape below. A solitary voice at night, always makes the general silence more impressive.

"Are you afraid, that you sing so loud?" I asked the woman.

"Afraid? No. These places know me well enough! But haven't you heard little rustling noises, when there was nobody in sight? It's the saying among us that, on the eve of their anniversary, the dead are hurrying along all the roads, to the places where they used to live. And you know, of course, that they don't like to meet living people. So I sing, just to let them know that I am here."

Night had now fallen, and the woman lighted a tin lamp, or lantern with a conical top, and fastened it to one of the steps of the cart. It added not a little to the weirdness of our progress to see the shadow of the horse assuming by that fitful light, the proportions of a beast of the Apocalypse. All at once, from somewhere on our right a church-bell began ringing, with a tinkling, timorous tone. We had arrived at Spézet.

II.

I have never seen a Bréton village, which impressed one at first sight, with a stronger sense of that disdain of material advantages (that is to say, of all which comes under the modern heads of comfort and hygiene) which is professed by all Celtic races—the Gauls only excepted. The dateless dwellings are in a miserably ruinous and tumble-down condition. Dung-heaps fester at the doors; while within a few absolutely indispensable articles of furniture moulder along the walls and the floor is of hard-trodden earth. I inquired my way to the inn of Ronan Le Braz, but he had heard the noise of the cart, and

was on the watch for me, standing on the threshold of his cottage and holding a lighted candle.

"Here you are at last, cousin!" he exclaimed with an air of mischievous good-fellowship, peculiar to himself; and drew me toward the fireplace where the evening meal was cooking over a fire of blazing furze, while his wife kept up the conflagration by incessantly pushing in more of the thorny branches with a small iron fork. He proceeded formally to introduce us:—

"Gälda, this is the gentleman I told you about: the one who makes people tell him the country legends; and then he repeats them to the folks in France."

"Good," said Gälda, lifting up a beaming face, "You have come at the right minute for we have old Nann here to-night. She has not lived in the parish for thirty years, but all her dead are buried here, and she is back, just now of course, on their account. She is at vespers at this moment, but—"

"By the way," said Ronan, "wouldn't you like to go yourself to the 'black vespers?'"

"By all means!" and we started forthwith for the church, which we could see dimly lighted, and looming in the midst of the burying-ground on the other side of the square. A flight of broken stone steps led to the porch, and I was struck the instant I entered, by that humid chill which pervades all the old Armorican sanctuaries, with their walls bespotted with saltpetre and stained with green moss, they look as though they might be submarine chapels, long drowned, and only just brought to light. In the middle of the nave stood the catafalque, or, as they call it in Brittany the *funeral-stool*, bearing upon one side a translation into the local dialect of the Latin motto *Hodie mihi cras tibi*. It was surrounded by women, crouching rather than kneeling, while the men gathered in the side-aisles, barely distinguishable by the dim light of the tallow candles fastened at intervals to the pillars. When the priest had pronounced the absolution

the men and women began to intone together a Bréton canticle of infinite sadness, breathing a pessimism at once unaffected and poignant. It was all about the brevity of human existence, its rare joys and manifold woes; how small a thing it is to live; how happy to die. It praised the dead for having done with all this, and paid their debt to destiny.

To this chant succeeded the prayer of the whole congregation, after which they dispersed, to prostrate themselves in the cemetery on the graves of their own people. Poor miserable monuments they were, in most cases a mere slab of slate-stone rudely squared but invariably furnished with the little stone cup for holy-water, where friends and kindred piously dip their fingers every Sunday when they come out from mass.

"And now," whispered Ronan, "we'll go to the charnel-house."

A large part of the crowd had already preceded us. Through the door, which was opened for the occasion, and beyond the iron bars of the unglazed window-spaces the eye discerned a confused heap of decaying skulls, and white, phosphorescent bones. Two of the skulls were set up on the window-ledge, and seemed to regard the intruders fixedly out of their vacant eyes. We knelt down in the grass, like the others, while an aged crone, almost as colorless under her hooded mourning-cloak as the human débris which encumbered the ossuary, recited aloud in a broken voice one of the most thrilling hymns of the Bréton liturgy, the charnel-house hymn.

"Come Christians and look upon all that is left of our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our neighbors and our dearest friends. How pitiful the state to which they have fallen!"

"They are in fragments, they are in morsels; of some there is naught left but dust. This is what death and burial have brought them to. They are all like one to another. They are like themselves no more."

It is Villon's ballad minus the irony,

and with a deeply religious accent. After each strophe the old woman paused, and there arose from the people present a confused murmur of: "God pardon the *Anaon*," that is the departed souls. Most of the women were telling their beads with one hand, while they held, with the other, on a level with their faces, tiny wax tapers which lit up the fog in that corner of the cemetery, with a pensive illumination, like that of misty moonshine.

"The woman who led the prayer," said Ronan in my ear, "was Nann—Nann Coadélez; the one who knows so many stories and is lodging with us to-night."

III.

I found her at the inn sitting in the chimney-corner, in one of the high-backed oaken chairs carved with barbaric hieroglyphics, which are peculiar to the country. The firelight threw into high relief her stern, sibylline features. She had flung aside her mourning-cloak, but her head was still muffled in a black woollen hood, the flaps of which fluttered over her shoulders with every breath of wind let in by the opening door, like the wings of some ill-omened crow, just poised for flight. With her hooked nose and burning eyes, her dry and sunken mouth and the bitter curve of her lips, she had an almost Dantesque expression, nor did it surprise me in the least when our hostess said to her, quite simply, and without a touch of mockery:—

"It's true, old Nanna, is it not? that you went once to purgatory, and that there has been a burning smell about you ever since?"

"Pray God," replied the crone haughtily. "that you may one day be admitted there yourself, in spite of your sins!" and drawing from the pocket of her apron a small clay pipe, she packed it slowly and then began smoking with short, regular puffs.

The inn now filled with people, mostly men with rude, clean-shaven faces, and frank, child-like eyes. They drew up in a line before the desk as they came in,

or stood in scattered groups around the vast room with folded arms, and speaking little to one another. Presently Ronan said: "You are served," and then they all stretched out their hands, each took the glass which was offered him, drained it at a draught and handed it back, after letting the last few drops of liquor fall upon the ground, with all the solemnity of ancient priests performing a libation.

The few women present kept themselves apart, sitting either around the table or on a narrow bench which ran along one side of the room. They talked, but in suppressed tones, taking frequent sips of black coffee, strengthened, as Gilda explained to me, by a drop of brandy. Some of them were quite exquisitely pretty, with delicate Madonna-like features, dead-white skins, and expressive eyes shaded by long lashes. And the old women were almost more charming than the young, having, in their very wrinkles, a sort of superannuated grace, and draping themselves with unconscious nobility in their ample cloaks, fastened over the breast with a silver clasp. One of them presently addressed me, saying, in Breton,—

"It seems, man-of-the-town, that you had a desire to see how we honor our dead in these parts. I wish you could have come forty years ago! We used then to visit the tombs in procession. We went from one to another, telling the names of those who slept below. People had long memories in those days. We had a proverb: 'You'll be longer dead than alive.' We did all we could for those who were gone, so that when we came to be ancestors ourselves, we might, at least, feel sure of not being forgotten. But everything changes! Why, I myself know a great many old people, who are never so much as mentioned among their descendants, and there's no record of their poor names kept anywhere except in the registry of deaths. It's not good to weep for the souls overmuch, but it's far worse to be wholly unmindful of them. It is far better to have the good-will of dead folk, than their enmity. Their grudges

are terrible, and there's no escaping their revenge. Just ask the woman on my right, Jeanne Yvonne Lézurec, who comes from Mézon-Lann." And she gently nudged with her elbow, the comparatively young woman who was sitting beside her; and who, to judge by her embroidered linen blouse, and the bands of velvet on her bodice, appeared to be one of the rich farmer's wives of the parish.

"Haven't I spoken truth, Jeanne-Yvonne? Isn't it so that you never closed your eyes at night for a whole week, on account of some invisible person who went up and down the house, sometimes tittering like an owl, and sometimes whining and groaning pitiously, like a wounded dog?"

"Oh, yes," sighed the young woman, "we passed through a time of great anguish. It was positive torture. First there would come a cold wind, which chilled our very marrow, though 'twas midsummer. We piled fagots upon the hearth, but we could not kindle them. The wood was bewitched. It would not light. So then we would muffle ourselves up in clothes. But it was just as if we had been rolled in the snow. We shook, and our teeth chattered. And then we began to hear footsteps not at all upon the threshing-floor outside, but underground."

"Underground, Monsieur," emphasized the old peasant-woman. And observe, "The houses are built without cellars at Mézon-Lann."

"Of course," resumed the farmer's wife. "Well, these footsteps, first they withdrew to a distance, and then they came near. They rang in our heads, with great, dull thuds,—bam—bam—bam—bam—like the pendulum of a clock. And if only that had been all! But the unearthly promenader, as you say, gave vent to all manner of strange groanings, shrill enough sometimes to start your hair on end, and sometimes miserable, distressed, heart-rending! Oh, it was frightful, frightful! Even the lifeless things about us appeared to share our anguish. Cupboard-doors opened with terror, and the very planks of our worm-eaten chests, began to creak and cry.

But especially you should have heard the cattle! It is said they always speak at Christmas-time, but they spoke those nights too! "Help! help!" they cried, just like human voices. A watch-dog whom we had had ten years broke his chain and ran away; and was found days afterward, dead in the wilderness. He preferred to perish rather than come back to the house.

"Poor Jeanne-Yvonne!" murmured the old woman compassionately, "I wonder you didn't die of fright!"

"The baby I was carrying and whose grave I have just dressed, did die, answered dame Lézerec, turning pale.

"It is the fate of all the first-born of Mézou-Lann, my child! There's a place made for them in the graveyard, as soon as ever they come into the world."

"Vit bugel kenta Mézou-Lann A zoner glas d'ar vadeziann."¹ "You must have heard that saying, my dear, before ever you made it up with Mathias Lézurec! And you must also have heard the story of that ancestor, far back in the dim ages, who cursed the first-born of the Lézurec forever, because his own immediate heir was so impious as to bury him in an old sheet, though he had inherited a whole wardrobe full of new linen. You knew all about that, of course, and how the malediction has been fulfilled, from generation to generation now in one way, and now in another. The neighbors must have told you that."

"Yes, I knew."

"Ah ha! You knew but you didn't believe! Is it not so? Old wives' tales, all that! The daughters-in-law who came before you at the farm, ran the same risk on the eve of their marriage, but their assurance didn't last long! They changed their tune, before the birth of their first child."

"Mon Dieu, but I loved Mathias," murmured the young woman shamfacedly, "And when one loves—"

"Yes, yes! we all go into life blindfold," concluded the old woman.

¹ "For the first-born of Mézou-Lann the passing-bell is rung at baptism.

During this dialogue the speakers had hardly seemed conscious either of one another or of my presence. Moreover, my attention was now attracted elsewhere. The door had opened to admit the entrance of a singular personage with a long body which looked as though it had been broken in two, and swinging arms terminating in immense hands, which almost dragged upon the ground. He greeted us all round in a small, soft, quavering voice; all heads were turned at once, and there fell upon the feasters a sudden silence. They drew back with a sort of timorous respect, in order to permit the new-comer to approach the desk.

"Is it you, Michael Quizan?" asked the inn-keeper, smiling rather constrainedly, "You are not dead yet then, in spite of the rumor?"

I got up and came nearer.

"It's a queer fish," said one of the peasants to me, in confidence. "He has been for forty years the regular gravedigger of the parish. But he had an accident awhile ago which affected his mind a little, and he has not worked since then. He is always roaming about the hills and valleys, telling absurd tales wherever he goes. Men shun him like sin, but they always treat him with a certain deference, on account of his great age and his infirmity. And then, you know, there are some folks here, who think that mad people are in constant communication with the other world."

The strange old man, however, instead of answering Ronan le Braz' inquiry, scanned the countenances about him with a searching gaze.

"Whom are you looking for?" demanded Ronan.

"Nobody," the old man this time condescended to articulate. "You mind your business, and I'll mind mine."

His inspection concluded he began to count upon his fingers, *mezza voce*: "One, two, three, four. Yes, that's it! four."

He lifted his head, which had drooped while he made his mysterious calculation, and said, in the tone of a judge pronouncing sentence: "There are four living men here who will be four dead

men before the end of a month. Two of them are over fifty, and the other two between twenty-six and thirty. If you wish me to name them, I will."

"Thank you, Michael, the inn-keeper made haste to reply. "We don't in the least doubt your knowledge of hidden things, but we much prefer that you should keep it to yourself."

"Just as you please!" murmured the insane man; and he made his way back to the door, bent nearly double, and sweeping the floor with his big hands.

"There's an old sorcerer for you!" said Ronan, when the steps of the ex-grave-digger had died away in the distance.

He laughed but without conviction. The others remained silent and disturbed. The old man's words had sent a strong chill through the assembly. The atmosphere of the big room seemed charged with an odor from the grave, and every brow was visibly darkened by the same anxious thought, "What if I were one of the four." The inn-keeper proposed a dram. "Let us drink to the memory of our dead," said he. Then, turning to me, "Michael Quizan," he explained, "is considered rather a bird of ill omen among us here. He is sometimes called the *death-bird*. He lives in the mountains all the year, like a wolf. They say he spends days and nights talking with the *Souls*, who are working out their expiation up there among the brakes and underbrush. The *Ankou*¹ treats him like a comrade; chats with him quite familiarly as they travel along, and tells him all his secrets. Belated shepherds have often surprised them colloquing together." "That is quite true," put in a mountaineer. "Only last week the little shepherd at Cäerléon came rushing down to the farm, all out of breath, blood on his feet, face whiter than a shroud. 'Good Heavens, what's the matter?' cried out old Lena in a panic. 'The matter is,' said the shepherd-boy, 'that I heard

the *Ankou* telling Michael Quizan that he'd have a harvest to-night down here in Cäerléon.' And sure enough, we buried the lord of the manor the next day. It was Jean Rozvillen, and his men found him dead at the end of a furrow he had just been tracing, with his hands still on the plow-handle." The peasants bowed in sign of assent and Ronan resumed his narrative: "As many as fifteen or twenty times a year, you'll hear it said that old Michael, the grave-digger, has given up the ghost at last. Sometimes he's been eaten alive by foxes and badgers; sometimes he has fractured his skull by falling off a precipice. Not a bit of it! Sure as ever All-Souls' eve comes round, the uncanny old chap turns up again. Public report has killed him so many times, that one doesn't feel quite sure whether he comes from the mountains or the tomb, whether he's alive, or one of the dead himself! Well, my dear gentleman, you've seen him for yourself! Now he will go the round of the village and tell the same string of lies, or nearly the same, in every house." "Are you quite sure, asked some one, "that they are lies?" "Oh well, call them what you like," answered Ronan; then added in a graver tone, "After all, we are never sure of anything in this world of mystery! The cleverest of us have to feel our way."

Just then the ranks of the revellers opened and Gälda came forward, slim and brown, and bearing in her outstretched hands a huge bowl of lard soup, the steam of which enveloped her like a white cloud.

IV.

Compared with the other houses in Spézet Ronan le Braz' inn, may fairly be described as sumptuous. It is, at least, fairly clean and pervaded by a certain air of comfort; very primitive of course, but all the more appreciable for being unexpected. It comprises, beside the kitchen, a tolerably large room, called the "hall" or "gentlemen's room" with a wooden floor, scrubbed as white as the deck of a vessel. In

¹ The *Ankou* is the personification of Death in Lower Brittany.

the centre of this "pièce" there is a round table with an oil-cloth cover, adorned with an unspeakable representation of the Resurrection, stippled in, after the American fashion; which the rag-man probably bought cheap, on one of his spring rounds of some "sea-widow," down upon the coast. The walls are adorned by patriotic chromos, the gifts of drummers for spices or liquors; intermixed,—God be thanked!—with ancient and respectable engravings, representing Purgatory, or the tragical loves of Damao and Henriette, or the distressing Odyssey of the Wandering Jew. Above the fireplace the portrait of MacMahon is suspended under the law against drunkenness. Pedlars rarely venture into this pood canton, so that the likeness of the president of the republic may remain for a long time unchanged.

A folding-bed occupies one of the corners, a bed of the olden time, the massive oak of which shines like a mirror and is studded with copper nails. Under the pointed cornice is carved in relief, the name of the ancestor who ordered this grand piece of furniture made "in the year of our Lord, 1715." Just as I finished deciphering the rude carving of this rustic inscription Gâlida, who was making up my bed, remarked:—

"The Jew dealers down at Quimper have often offered us for this bed ten times what it is worth. But we don't wish to part with it. It is unlucky to sell furniture that comes from one's ancient kith and kin. Did you never hear the dreadful story of the poor man who was damned for selling his mother's psalter?"

After setting out upon the table the items of a frugal but appetizing meal, the hostess was about leaving me to the society of the works of art upon the walls, when a sudden recollection caused her to return briskly. "By the way," she began, "did you notice how sullen old Nann was when I alluded to her trip into the other world? Perhaps you thought I had been jesting, but if you will please to remember, she did not dare contradict me. The cir-

cumstances are perfectly well known all about here. Just as true as I am an honest woman Nanna Coadélez went alive into Purgatory and came back again!"

"Did she tell of it herself?"

"Oh no! She never denies it, however, but she looks vexed when it is mentioned, and cuts the conversation short, just as she did to-night. Very likely nothing would ever have been known of her adventure, but for that dreadful creature Michael."

"What, Michael the madman?"

"Yes, or Michael the seer, just as you please! At all events, the story is this. It was about thirty-six years ago. Nanna was just rising forty years old. I did not know her then, because I wasn't born, but the people of her age will tell you that there wasn't her equal in all Cornouailles, for a handsome face, and a keen wit. She and her husband were cultivating the estate of Kerzonn, which gets both the morning and the afternoon sun, and goes all the way from St. Bridget's Chapel to the river Aulme. You never knew a happier or more united household, but, ah, me! They say the *Ankou* always likes best to stop at the merriest thresholds. *The man with the scythe* went to Kerzonn without an invitation and Nanna Coadélez put on widow's weeds. She could not be resigned to the blow which had fallen on her. Day and night she sat by the hearthstone obstinately refusing all nourishment. Her tears were her meat.

"Well, one afternoon Michael Quizan who was already grave-digger at that time, came and sat down beside her, and he said:—

"Poor, dear Nanna! Don't you know that the country of the dead is just like this of ours which is farmed by the living? Just as too much rain-fall spoils our crops, if you shed too many tears over the dead, it is bad for their eternal salvation. You may believe what I say, Nanna Coadélez! Men of my trade have a special sense. There is a secret voice which tells them what is going on in the hollows they have

scooped out. Every night of my life I can hear your husband's body turning and re-turning in his coffin, as if he were very weary indeed and couldn't sleep for the insects. Now that's a sign that his soul isn't happy in Purgatory, and I think it is because of the wildness of your grief.'

"When he said this, it seems that Nann screamed out, 'Not happy, did you say? Not happy? Well, if it costs me my life, and more, I'll know, Michael Quizan, whether you've spoken the truth!'

"The next day, she made off, unknown to any of her people. Where did she go? Nobody knows. She was away almost a year, and one of her brothers was put in to manage matters at the farm. Finally, near Christmas-time she reappeared, but, poor dear, in what a state, and how changed from what she had been! Her very brother hardly knew her. Her fresh complexion was all dried up, her hair was as white as snow, and her eyes which used to be so pleasant, had a sort of sullen fire in them. More than all this, there was a strange smell about her, *a smell like roasted flesh*. They tried to make her talk, but all she would say was, 'Mind your business.' Of course, the tongues wagged all the same, and the most contradictory stories got about. But when Michael Quizan heard that Nann had come back, he went, one day, to Kerzonn and he found her milking the cows. 'Ah ha!' says he, 'I'm glad to see that you have got back to work again. And how about your journey, Nanna? Was it successful? Did you get good news of your husband, *Pêr Coadélez*? 'You,' she said, without lifting her eyes, 'be pleased to go your ways! But he persisted, and then, all at once, she sprang up and shrieked out,—

"'Off with you, you churchyard polecat! Out of my sight this instant, or I'll have you torn in pieces by the watch-dog!' And she lightened at him with her angry eyes.

"But all he said was, 'Now I know what it is you've been hiding from us

all! Your eyes are flame-color. They have seen the *place of fire*!'

"From that time on, the mistress of Kerzonn was just an object of awe and curiosity in the parish. Not only was it considered certain that she had visited Purgatory but they used to give all the particulars of the means she employed to compass her end, and all the obstacles she encountered on the dark ways she had to travel. There couldn't be so much talk, of course, without its coming to Nann's ears; all the farm-servants were gossiping about it. For a long time she pretended not to hear, as also not to see that at church on Sundays, her neighbors pulled their chairs away from her's superstitiously, and that the children in the street pointed at her and said: 'That's the woman who has been in the land of the Souls.' But it troubled her all the same, and the proof is, that she got rid of her fine place at Kerzonn at the first opportunity and rented, at the halves, a miserable little holding, down Lannédern way, some six leagues from here.

"Well, that is all. Do you think, or don't you? that it is Nanna Coadélez' true story? They don't say so much about it now, but when I was a young girl, she used still to go out watching; and, for my part, I always think of it at this season, when the tall, dry figure of old Nann rises up in the doorway and she asks for a lodging. If you could only take the padlock off the lips of that woman, you might learn a good deal about those who are gone."

Gälda paused dreamily, letting her long, brown eyelashes sweep her rosy cheeks, and still clasping the chair-back with her hands, as she had done during our entire interview.

"What did the old woman say last night?" I asked her, "when Michael Quizan came in?"

"Nothing, sir. They always pretend not to know one another, those two, but that's another story, more mysterious than the first. The tale goes that when Nanna crossed the bounds of this parish, she invoked her ancestors, and called for vengeance

on the grave-digger, and cursed him in his limbs and his faculties. And so, not long after, Michael was found one morning in his bed, quite motionless, with his back broken, and his eyes wild, and his reason gone. The dead of Kerzonn had come down the graveyard steps, to accomplish Nann's malediction."

v.

When, after finishing my frugal meal I returned to the kitchen, I found the room nearly empty, peasants and peasant-women having dispersed and gone their ways in the night through the quagmires or over the steep mountain paths. There remained only about a dozen persons, heads of families, some of them shepherds and some field-laborers, but all more or less nearly related either to the inn-keeper, or to his wife. We have all heard of the tortuous ramifications and multiplications of Bréton relationship. Seated on either side of a transverse table, with Roman enthroned at one end, while Gälda carved at the other, they ate and drank in silence. Rarely was a word exchanged between the mouthfuls; their very gestures, except for the movement of the jaws, were grave and measured. In the centre of the table stood a jar of cider, into which they all plunged their pint-pots simultaneously, each guest saying, as he did so, "Here's a health to the living! To which all responded in chorus. "And may God pardon the souls of the dead!"

This family love-feast had, for me, a solemn and almost liturgical character. Presently I was myself invited by Ronan to a seat on his right, at the end of one of the benches. "You belong in the *Le Braz* row," he said; "opposite us is the row of the *Tromeur*, from one of the branches of whose line my wife comes. Did you ever happen to cast a thought upon the ancestor who was the first to bear our name? For my part, in my solitary jaunts with my old nag, just to relieve the monotony of the way, I have sometimes made believe that I was holding a respectful

conversation with him, through the thick fog of the intervening years. He must have been a stout fellow! The very name which he has bequeathed us, shows that. I wonder what his calling was. Was he seaman or landsman, rich or poor, learned or ignorant? God only knows! But he was an honest man and he begat honest folk. Eh, cousin?" I could only bow in assent. "Here's to the health of the *Le Braz*,"¹ concluded the rag-man. "And to the health of the *Tromeur* also," returned Gälda.

An old shepherd, with a long, white beard and a very patriarchal aspect now rose and said: "Peace be to men on earth; and peace to the souls of the dead!"

Pipes were lighted and a bottle of brandy began to circulate. Outside, according to the Bréton expression, the wind was getting up with the moon. The voice of the gale, at first feeble and hesitating, swelled and strengthened, until it filled all space with a formidable roar. The guests presently fell to discoursing among themselves upon the dead of the past year. They enumerated the merits and virtues of each one; the striking events of his life; the circumstances of his departure. It was like a funeral litany improvised, verse by verse, with a regular refrain of "God pardon him!"

When Gälda flung a handful of chips upon the sinking fire, somebody said, "That's right! Warm us *with* them until we sleep *upon* them!"

"I'll bet," said the rag-man, turning toward me, "that you didn't understand that!"

I had to admit as much.

"Well," he said, "when the joiner has knocked up a coffin, he is always very careful to lay the chips he has made along the bottom of it, for a kind of litter. It's hard, of course, but softer for the corpse than the bare boards would be. You'd never catch a workman in this country keeping one of those chips in his shop!"

"No, indeed," observed another. "He'd be afraid the dead would come

¹ *Braz* in Bréton means strong.

back for it. The thing has happened." The flame upon the hearth now soared up high and clear, throwing into striking relief the sharply cut profile of old Nann, who had sat on all this while, in her oaken armchair, her bust protruding, her bony hands laid between her knees, indifferent to all that went on about her. Her little pipe still hung from her lips with the bowl upside down; her thoughts were far away; her sombre visage wore an agonized and mysterious expression, at once awe-stricken and awe-inspiring. She had taken no part whatever in the talk of the guests. "I don't belong to the clan," was her curt reply, when I had taken the armchair opposite her and made some respectful allusion to her silence. Stooping to relight her pipe, she picked up a coal from the ashes and blew it into life in the hollow of her hand. "Aren't you afraid of burning yourself?" I asked.

"Not at all. Fire doesn't catch on ice, and my poor miserable body is nothing but an icicle now."

"You have reached a great age, grandmother. Those eyes of yours must have seen many things."

"They have seen what life has to show. They have seen folk die, the old and the young, the glad and the sad. They are just waiting to close in the long sleep of the great night without stars. The sooner, the better! I am seventy-six years old. My people are all gone. My days are fulfilled. I am just an old, tired traveller crouching by the wayside, waiting for the *Ankou's* cart. It will be a good moment for me when I hear the creaking of his ill-greased wheels."

She spoke in short, clear phrases; distinct from one another as though severed with a bill-hook. Her eyes glittered like a wild-cat's, as she added, sententiously,—

"This world is a desert solitude for me, but *down there* it is very populous. There are many more dead folk under the earth, than living upon the face of it."

Ronan now joined us and invited the rest of the company to do the same.

"Come and warm yourselves a bit, boys! There's no hurry!"

"There are four places," said the old shepherd with the snowy head, as he came forward, "where a Bréton likes to linger; under a hay-stack with his girl; in the church before his God; in the inn over his pint-pot, and in the chimney-corner with his pipe." A ring was then formed and the talk became general.

Strange, indelible vigil! I was again reminded in a far-off, mysterious way of the "black vespers" which I had just attended in the damp and murky sanctuary. There was the same deep composure. A singular gravity sat upon every countenance. Each man, as he spoke in his turn, as he told his anecdote, or, as I might say, chanted his anthem, appeared to feel that he was discharging a sacred rite. It was, to all intents and purposes, a funeral *nocturne*, and positively there was a touch of grandeur in the scene. For chapel, a pothouse; a miserable, melancholy little mountain inn, with ditches hanging from the beams, and walls adorned by earthenware pint-pots, garlanded with gaudy flowers. For altar, the earliest altar of our race, the hearth stone, with its soul of winged, whispering flame. For ministrants, a dozen old men, representing the "ancients" of the tribe, shy, simple souls under rough exteriors, the sons of a race deeply pervaded by the primeval awe,—"*oppressa gravi sub religione*"—Such were the Aryan vespers of the remotest times in the huts of the first shepherds.

Eleven o'clock struck on the old time-piece the swinging of whose pendulum could be seen through a crack which extended the entire length of the wooden case. At the same moment there arose out of the deep stillness of the street, a click of *sabots*, and the tinkling of a bell. All the company started and made the sign of the cross. "It is the man who announces the dead," said Ronan to me, and proceeded to explain that it was one man's duty on the evening of Novem-

ber 1st to make the round of the hamlet, and give notice by ringing his bell of the approach of midnight, the hour of the dead.

"Come, come," said one of the peasants. "We are warm enough. It is our ancestors' turn now, you know the adage, 'Death is cold, and the dead are chilly.'"

And old Nann added, as she gathered her skirts about her, "May the fire of the hearth be sweet to them;" while the rest responded "Amen" as to a prayer.

The "watchers" now took leave. I went a few steps outside with them, and looked after them, as they disappeared into the night. The wind was blowing in great gusts, with sudden calms between. A dim, dissolving moon, vague as those Medusæ which we sometimes see floating in the transparent places of the sea, bathed the motionless shapes of the mountains with a pale radiance, a sort of sinister polar glow. The fields and the wide waste of country wore a bluish tint, like that of sleeping lakes.

All down the village street, doors were shutting, locks creaking, and the tiny windows under the projecting eaves were darkened, one by one. "Ho there!" cried Ronan. "Come in!" we have but a few minutes left. Nann and my wife have the table all set for the Souls."

A cloth of fine linen, yellow as saffron with a long hanging fringe, had been spread over the kitchen table, and all manner of eatables set forth: a slice of ham, buckwheat cakes, and an enormous jug of foamy cream. "The dead," said the rag-man, "dote on milk. It's purifying, you know!"

There were actually all the accompaniments of a feast of the *Parentalia*. The spectacle was a strange one. "Will the dead come?" I inquired.

"How can you ask?" demanded Gâlda, with much animation. "Of course they will come! They are arriving this very minute! They will sit down here where we are sitting, and they will talk about us just as we have been talking about them. And they won't

go till day-break after having peered into every nook and corner with those eyes of theirs which nothing escapes, and they will be friendly or angry, according as they like what they see, or no."

"Has any one ever seen them?"

"I should not suppose any one ever dared spy upon them."

"Oh yes, they have," interrupted old Nanna.

"Gab Prunenec, he was determined to get sight of them. So he peeped over the bed-clothes. But he paid for it. All the members of his family who had ever died, with his own father at the head of them, came clawing at his eyes, and all the rest of his life he wept tears of blood. If you take my advice, man-of-the-town, you'll sleep with your face to the wall this night," and a shiver ran through her, as she spoke.

"Hold!" she said, a moment later, turning very pale. "I've had a sign! A Soul just brushed by me. Good-night!"

She then mounted the steps into the loft, and disappeared through the black hole of the trap-door. Gâlda covered the fire with blocks of peat, so that it might last till dawn and Ronan conducted me back to the "gentleman's room" where I was to sleep in the monumental bed of our ancestors. "Feel!" he said. "It is a good mattress. God grant your sleep may be the same. I'll leave the light burning, but I should recommend you to put it out as soon as you get in bed." And just before closing the door behind him he bethought himself to say,—

"Oh, I forgot! If you hear singing outside the house don't be alarmed."

"No, no, I understand." I had heard the curious tradition of the "Deathsingers," who go from door to door, on the evening of All-Saints wailing for the departed.

VI.

Exactly on the stroke of midnight, they went by. In an interval of stillness between two great gusts of wind, their voices rose in a forlorn lament;

the quavering accents of old men, mingling with the tones, crystalline or nasal, as might be of women and youths. The old men droned,—

You lie abed, and take your ease!
The poor Souls do so, never more!
You spread your limbs, and are at peace;
The Souls move on from door to door.

Five boards, and one white sheet they have,
A wisp of straw beneath the head,
Five foot of earth to fill the grave
These are the riches of the dead!

They went on to speak in the name of the Souls, identifying themselves with them. They told of the dread solitude, the long anguish, the manifold tortures of the place of expiation. They reproached the living with their inconstancy, and showed them, against the early day when they too must die, the spectre of universal ingratitude and everlasting regret.

The women and young men knocked first upon the window-panes and then sang:—

Out, bare-foot, on the naked ground,
All who live and are sane and sound!
Jesus calls you to wake and pray
For the Souls that have passed away!

I had never in my life listened to so despairing a lament. The accent of the old men in particular fairly froze the heart with anguish. It came like a shriek of terror, a heart-rending appeal out of the very abyss of mortality.

I must confess that I experienced a sense of relief, when the funeral musicians finally withdrew, and the wind got up and swept away into space the echo of their strain.

But for some time after this I could hear the restless movements of Nanna Coadélez in the loft above. She seemed to be kneeling upon her pallet and intoning the *De Profundis*, while Ronan and Gálda gave the responses from their folding-bed in the kitchen. Finally there was an immense silence broken only by the ticking of the clock.

and those other barely perceptible sounds which are made by inanimate things, when the household sleeps.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE from the French of Anatole le Braz.

From The National Review.

HAMPTON COURT IN BY-GONE YEARS.

For some whose familiar knowledge of it dates back from a far-past childhood, the very sound of the name of Hampton Court bears a sense of old-world quiet. The noise of fountains falling in rippling rhythm, or the echo of the sentry's measured tread upon the flags, returns—and there is the smell of limes in blossom, and a feeling of old days gone by, and of all that made up for us the unforgotten past. The present writer's grandmother,¹ who died at the age of ninety-two, inhabited apartments at the very top of the palace, and with her and her life there, the whole place is to me associated. Down her long stone stair of nigh a hundred steps she went, and up she climbed again, once a day at least, till a short time before her death in 1852. I knew her for some twenty years, and to me she was always very old. People said she was a pretty old lady, with her round dimpled face, and the arch look in her grey eyes. Youth, however, sees not the beauty of age, and vividly, as yesterday, I can still recall the bewildering disappointment when she gave me one birthday, her gift of a lock of snow-white hair in a gold locket. The baby heart had coveted instead an auburn curl from the front that adorned her grandmother's brow! It was then that I heard with childish wonder the story of how her hair had turned grey in a single night, after receiving the letter which contained the news of her husband's death.² He had sailed to the West Indies to take up his appointment as governor of Tobago, and died of the

¹ Lady Albina Cumberland, daughter of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire.

² The eldest son of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist.

yellow fever just as the long voyage ended, and his ship had steered into port. In those days, my grandmother, as one of Queen Charlotte's ladies, was attached to the court of George III. In youth she had been very lovely, and this, her portrait by Romney, testified. Probably, scarce any one is now living who remembers her figure as she used to be seen walking in Hampton Court Gardens. A little old woman, rather bent, yet with slow and stately gait. Her train of soft black mode silk she held up at the back as she walked. A white kerchief, and a black lace veil arranged over her close round cap, completed the picturesque toilette. Bonnet she never wore, excepting on Sundays for service in the chapel. At chapel, Lady A. (she was always "Lady A." to her family and friends) sat up-stairs in the royal closet, or enclosed gallery, then the exclusive right of present or former members of the household. Here she made a point of beguiling the hour of service with the peculiar chronic long-drawn cough, in which she indulged to the exasperation of the whole congregation. Vainly they threatened to bring it before the Board of Green Cloth—the "Star Chamber" of Hampton Court; Lady A.'s cough was indomitable. Little do I remember now of her real character. I know that she loved flowers, and kept myrtles on a wire stand; that she wrote beautiful prayers in the fly-leaves of her prayer-books; that she "quizzed" her friends (smart remarks were styled "quizzing" in her day), and that they did not always see the joke. I remember that in hot weather she would cool her carpets with a fine-rosed garden watering-pot; that she had a passion for open windows, for silver plate, and also for beautiful books,—and for cutting out of them valuable prints which she gummed into a portfolio. I remember also the rose-pink rouge which, though daintily applied every afternoon on one cheek, was so often forgotten on the other, and the quaint handwriting—hard to decipher, and well sanded over with glittering gold sand. I remember, also, her affectionate devotion to the

royal family whom she served so long. I dearly loved my grandmother. By whomsoever else she might be feared, to the children she never was severe, and she never said she missed from her store the pâtes de guimauve and jujubes, which we could not resist, though we sometimes tried.

In these days of imitated art, it is no small privilege to be able to see at the back of the mind's eye, distinct and clear as a Dutch painting, rooms like those at the top of the long stairs. Rooms furnished in the days before intuitive good taste had vanished. The drawing-room especially shines out to memory, distinct and clear in its minutest details. From the dark mahogany Sheraton or Chippendale tables, the Indian cabinets, bearing on their tops blue delft bowls filled with rose leaves; the bookcases and what-nots carrying white Japanese crabs and vases, besides the old novels ranged in their endless volumes; and the China mandarin decently robed in faded velvet, reclining under a card-table near the door—to the high, square, small-paned windows, and green moreen window-cushions, there is not a jarring note to be described in the harmonious whole. Through those wide open windows—ever thrown wide except in dead of winter—came the continuous ceaseless fall of the fountain below in the gardens; most dreamily delicious sound! Sometimes the fountain would go mad, and dance wildly up and down. Even in those intervals, the very splash of it was musical. In through the windows would steal warm wafts of sweetness on summer afternoons from the blossoming lime avenues. Leaning out, we watched the blue-backed swallows in mid-air under the windows, coursing up and down; or in late autumn, clustering about the grey-stone mouldings. And then the view! From the palace centre, in lengthening, dark procession, radiated the straight lines of heavy-headed yews. Beyond the garden's water-boundary, the long canal and the avenues of Home Park made a lesson in beautiful perspective. On the left, a green vista led on a mile

away, closed by the mottled old square tower of Kingston Church. Down to the edge of the canal at sundown, the whole herd of fallow deer would troop with velvet step to drink, then plunge in and swim across to the other side. At dusk we watched for the white owl, who rarely failed on silent wing to cross from the left bank to the right. The distant end of the canal fifty years ago seemed to be a wood; now there is but a hard line of bald white buildings. The beauty of the ancient yew-trees (there were hollies, too), once the garden's pride, has deteriorated since then. It must be over a quarter of a century ago that they underwent a barbarous persecution. With the idea of improving their appearance, the authorities one day took the trees in hand. Some of them had grown to be great ivy tops rather than yews, so smothered were they in ivy. So the ivy was hacked and stripped off, only to find the gaunt straggling heads that remained, too old and too far gone to bush out again. Then the trunks were literally flayed; all the natural roughness smoothed away; and then, when laid bare and naked, it is whispered that they were scrubbed with soap and water! Poor yews! could such cruelty ever be forgot, even if advised by the first gardeners of the day? In the long ago, that is imaged deep in the magic mirror of memory, the Hampton Court yews were in the zenith of their full perfection of size and shape. Few in number, however, were the flowers in the plots surrounding them which bordered the close-shaven lawns. There were yellow crocuses in March, in double rank along the edges of the turf. Along the Broad Walk, as one goes towards the Flower-pot gate, China roses and heliotrope and dark crimson fuchsias, struggling with masses of blue convolvulus and mignonne, together made sweet confusion in the border. Here and there rose a tall dahlia, stiffly overlooking all. No great variety; but on the other hand, there was then no carpet bedding! The reign of that form of floral tyranny did not till long after begin to vex the poet's soul. Virginian stock—lovely in the

blending of its variegated hues—there must have been besides. For, as a little child, I once surprised a tiny flower of it on a window-sill at the palace top. A bird must have somehow carried up the seed, and it had lodged in a cranny between the stones. The window was intersected by the great triangular stone pediment, which shut off half the daylight, lending an almost prison gloom to the chamber within. The gloom, I remember, was heightened by the ornaments on the high chimney-piece; a row of dull greyish-colored, queer-shaped cups, which were made at the time of the famine to hold a little jam and look if possible like pastry, and so to save the flour.

It was Sunday, and during church time the child was left alone in the room. It was dull and dark, so she climbed up to the window, and discovered with ineffable delight the radiant little lilac quatrefoil just outside! Afterwards, the growing girl found again her childhood's "prison flower" in "Picciola's" well-loved pages. And now, long years after, regularly as April days come round, a little packet of Virginian stock seed is brought in by the gardener and laid on her writing-table; and the old woman goes out into the garden, and with her own hands sows the seed for remembrance, where best the sun and showers may nurture it. . . . Amongst the flowers of the Gardens, we loved best of all the "Star of Bethlehem." The plants grew wild about the roots of the limes near the Pavillion Walk, and season after season they appeared, and never missed. Star-like is that lovely flower; and yet, how wan and watery shine its grey-green petals! June is the month when it is due, when the harbinger of joy whose name it bears has long since paled in Eastern skies. The idea of something sacred seems not uncommon in names of plants of that race. *Ornithogalum arabicum* (pure white with centre of shining black) is in Spanish "Oyoz de Christos," or "The eyes of Christ."

On the narrower canal, whose clear waters girdle all that portion of the gardens lying nearest to Home Park (it

used not to be called "*The*" Home Park), neither geese nor ducks were known; and the little duck-houses of these days were not in existence then. A pair of swans ruled in solitary state, or anon forgot their dignity by standing on their heads and grubbing among the weeds after the manner of their kind. A black swan was at one time permitted to bear them company. In the brown shade cast by trees upon the water, often might be dimly seen a dark length of lazy pike—moveless as a piece of dead stick. Reeds grew sparsely where the rich turf met the water on the other side, next the park rails. It was reserved for modern taste a few years ago to dig this strip of grass, and make of it a kitchen-garden and a store-place for manure. There, in the days before such profanation was thought of, near this cool, quiet spot, by the water, the palace ladies, on hot summer afternoons, would bring their books and work-baskets. Even on a Saturday, the van-loads of *cockneys*—an appellation then in vogue for the London people—would scarcely care to out-wend in that direction. The swans, with ruffling plumage, swam up and down; and gossip told how one day the black swan, in passing by, stretched his long neck and snatched her silver thimble from a lady sitting on the green. She, equal to the occasion, seized the black thief by the throat, and ere the thimble had time to slip down the length of it, forced him to disgorge. Where the narrower canal, and the triple line of its bordering lime-trees end westerly, at an angle following the river's course, a broad green terrace walk begins. The Pavilion Walk bore a character of gentle mystery, which drew one's steps that way as with a spell. All along the grass at intervals there stood great solemn yews. Such of them as still remain are full of dark grandeur, but time and neglect have broken up the long line, and their number is diminished.

On a crescent-shaped lawn beside the Water Gallery, and rounding to the Green Terrace, is an old carved stone pedestal. The statue or vase, in com-

mon with all those others that at one time decorated the gardens, had long been carried away to another place, or else destroyed. This grey stone, engraved with lichened eld, was an enchanted stone—or so they said. If at evening one knelt down and laid the ear against it, the fairies talking might be heard. Many an evening have we, as children, lagged behind while our elders walked on, and stolen over the grass to crouch beside the cold grey stone. Yet, not for all our listening, did we ever hear one low whisper from a fairy's lips. It is true that in the thick fog of a November afternoon, a chain of brown beads tossed over the high river wall has been known to fall at the feet of one walking alone there; and although received as a mystic gift, to change at once into a string of common horse-chestnuts! And it is true as history itself! that no person has ever succeeded in the task of walking straight along that smooth turf between the willow-fringed Thames and the yew trees' line, with their eyes shut. It was thus without question in my grandmother's time; there is hardly leisure nowadays for such-like follies. Infinitely remote and far away did the tangled wilderness of the Pavilion Garden, at the far end, in those days seem. In "*the Pavilion*" lived an old Mrs. Moore. She was seldom seen abroad, nor did I ever see the walls of her house, nor ever penetrated more than once beyond the wicket into the garden. That once was enough! What appeared to be a red and white speckled calf rushed out and beset us from the moment we entered and the little gate closed behind us. Turn whichever way we would, the creature bounced out upon us from within dense, dark thickets of sweet briar and syringa. It did not pursue, but it harassed like a malevolent elf, till at last we fled before it terrified. The wildest, ferniest region of the park skirted one side of the Pavilion Walk. How lonesome and how lovely it was! On late September evenings, after the hot, sultry day was done, the sunbrowned bents gave out a dewy perfume so subtle that the senses

scarcely can recall it. Stepping through the dry, thin grass, the fallow deer would cry to one another in the drouthy silence, calling one another's Christian names; names quite easy to distinguish. It was "Jack! Tom! Harry!" all over the place! "The time is long past and the scene is afar," yet even now the sound, as I think of it, is in my ear.

An ancient hollow oak, standing as for ages it had stood, knee-deep in green bracken, was the friend of our youth, and frequent goal in long summer ramblings. The hollow was good for climbing up inside; and what unspoken joy to crawl out through the open rent, and, sitting on a giant branch, survey the world at ease! An old red brick building near by was the keeper's house. It is since pulled down, and no vestige of it remains. Nearly opposite the site of this old barn-like house, in the iron rails dividing the park from the Pavillion Walk, are set a pair of lofty wrought-iron gates. Others, smaller and not made to open, were formerly arranged at intervals along the railings. One of them, whose centre ornament is a harp, I saw again for the first time after many years in South Kensington Museum. Sad, it seemed, to meet thus, in the dulness and dust of London, the old friend so well remembered under the open sky, with wild grasses wrapt about its feet! Of the magnificent Great gates it is curious that personally I retain no recollection from the olden days—they seemed, indeed, to me, a new feature on revisiting the place in 1893. The brain that designed and the hands that made them alike are dust, but these grand specimens of iron-work need never know the touch of time. Change and decay are not for such as these, intended, as most probably they were, exclusively for royal use; yet they, or rather a portion at one side, are now open all day for the public to pass in and out of Home Park. Just in front of them, across the Pavillion Walk, a new right of way with steps up the wall, has for the last nine years given easy access from the barge-walk on the riverside. Is it old-fashionedness, or maybe some yet more unworthy senti-

ment, that leads one to resent this throwing open wide to all the world? The effect seems to have half spoilt, in some sort even to have effaced, the old special grace and dignity. There is so little of repose in a public thoroughfare; and everybody, from a tramp to a tourist, may now pass without hindrance into Home Park, or through the gardens into the no longer sentry-guarded palace. None may hope to enjoy here, as in the days that are no more, the deep refreshment of solitude—of silence that scarce heeds the murmuring flow of the swift-running river, or music of gathering rooks in shadowy trees beyond. None shall any longer seek the "sacred quiet" of this secluded spot:—

Far estranged from maddening riot
And the busy haunts of men,

musings, it may be, at times within themselves:—

When the ills of fortune grieve us,
When her short-lived favors flee;
When the hollow-hearted leave us,
Oh, how sweet to fly to thee!

Without any doubt there is a depressing sense of "People's Palace" about the Hampton Court of 1896. It is well that the people of a great nation should have ample resource for holiday playgrounds provided, and it was the gracious act of our queen to grant these at Hampton Court to a public in those days comparatively small. But may not the sacrifice of beauty and fitness and time-honored associations be sometimes carried just a trifle too far? Is it not rather a dream than a happy reality—the belief that this going through beautiful gardens, picture-galleries, or noble buildings, will in itself work out an education or enlarge and elevate the minds of the many? Must it not be that the mind of a multitude set upon their day's outing needs long cultivation and preparedness to receive such teaching? And does a board-school provide it? But questionings like these I am afraid are characteristic of the didactic dulness we know only too well in some of the light literature of the day! Let us, however, go straight back to the

sweet, unfading memories of Hampton Court as it used to be. That deer-haunted west region of Home Park, from which we have wandered, was very wild and unfrequented. Save for perhaps now and again a solitary countryman making his way along the path to the keeper's lodge, rarely did one see a human face there. The shaggy, wide-horned Highland cattle—picturesque and fierce of aspect—seldom penetrated there. In this direction, somewhere near the cratches or cribs used to hold fodder for the deer in winter, lay a large square pond, reflecting a little group of cork-trees, the *Alcor noque* of Spain, growing on its bank. It was a dreary piece of water, and on one day only do I remember its grey monotony disturbed. We were sitting in the cork-tree grove, when on a sudden, all over the whole surface of the pond, were seen to rise up innumerable little fountains. They seemed to be about a foot or so in height, and they played merrily for several minutes, then sank down and disappeared as suddenly as they came, and never were they beheld again! At that dim, distant date, no explanation seems to have been either sought or given. We—in our childish wisdom!—believed the strange sight had to do in some way with the big carp supposed to lie concealed in the mud at the bottom! Very dejected and poor-looking were the weather-worn cork-trees of that forlorn grove. Their branches, thin and scanty, spread so high above the cattle line, that in my ignorance I imagined them to be a species of fir-tree. Yet the uneven, rugged bark of them was a thing to arrest attention. It was true typical cork. (Does any one now remember about Lord Somebody's butler, who travelling with his master in Spain appeared indifferent to all the glories of Granada and Seville, but when he saw the big cork-trees of Madrid his butler's soul at once was fired with enthusiasm?) There are not many I believe in these days who care to plant them in England; they are out of fashion. In the seventeenth century, and earlier, perhaps, they seem to have been not un-

common in gardens near London. With lovers of beautiful trees the cork (*Quercus suber*) must always be a favorite. The fine warm color of its stem contrasts so well with the rich, ilex-oak-like foliage; and where soil and climate suit it, the tree is so well built and handsome. There exists in the British Museum a letter written by the parish priest of a village in Buckinghamshire, which tells how, after dining with George Evelyn at "his Seate" near Burnham, he "went out in the garden to see the Cork Tree." That might be over two hundred years ago. The garden still exists, but the tree is no longer there. Many a cause besides natural decay may well make for the destruction of such a tree, however fine; yet possibly in this climate it may not be long-lived. It was somewhere not far from the dreary pond and the cork grove that, as well as I can remember, the spot was pointed out where William III.'s horse slipped and gave him the fall which afterwards proved fatal. Four trees (their species I forget), undergrown and crooked, marked the place. The historical interest of an event so unimportant can scarcely still survive, and it is more than likely the exact spot may no longer be kept in mind. Can Time's oblivion ever cover thus the real tragedies of that era?

Of long-dead kings and their life at Hampton Court, many are the tales that might be told; the place is storied with them. Two kings only bear ever so slightly a part in these impressions of fifty years ago. There is first, a vague swift vision of William IV. and Queen Adelaide in a pony phaeton and pair of greys driving rapidly up the Broad Walk, towards the Flower-pot Gate. (Kings and queens alone might do this.) And then comes another vision of a gay crowd assembled at the foot of the grand painted stairs—called the king's staircase—to see Louis Philippe and Queen Amélie pass by through the cloisters. I see still, the expression of the French king's countenance, beaming with the happiest good nature, and his brown hair curling up high on the top of his head.

These were but royal visits of a day, and never to be repeated.

In Home Park rabbits were unknown; but on summer evenings the "merry brown hares came leaping" on all sides. Sometimes in March a young leveret might be discovered, snugly niched between the projecting roots of a lime-tree. Or a hare would start from its form in the long grass, almost as one's foot touched it. Close by the slate-colored doors of the Hampton Wick entrance—woodwork used to be painted mostly either slate or white—in a sheltered corner grew—I had almost said resided!—the remnants of a pair of elms of enormous size, and most venerable age. Of either tree, the shell alone remained alive; yet, of such great vitality were these two hollow ancients possessed, that each had managed to branch out and burgeon from the upper rim of bark, so that in the season of leaves they made a fair show of green. I never heard the life-history of these two elms. It is certain, however, that even so long as fifty years ago their great age was held in honor, for they were protected by a stout post and rail fence round each. Around the two oblong ponds in the neighborhood of these living skeletons flourished a wild growth of willow and alder, where reed sparrows chirped and chatted through the day, and the water's edge was fringed with reeds and blue forget-me-not. Kingfishers flashed across, all gloriously azure-green, secure in those happy times from the edicts of a cruel fashion, and from the hands of the relentless milliner. Gallinules and a few less frequent water-fowl visited these pools. A heron fished in them unharmed; and swans made there their nesting-place, and there they early launched their grey-coat fleet upon the quiet waters. The park is in this part bounded by a high wall, on the other side of which extend a long range of paddocks. The queen's state horses, the cream-colored Hanoverians, were bred there, and from a point of view on slightly rising ground, one might sometimes see a pale young colt or two at grass. Along a little plain between two

avenues lay the path leading to the palace. It led along the ridge of a wide fosse or trench, made in William and Mary's reign for the military manœuvres held in the park. Along this plain in sultry August weather, at every step, hosts of churring, tawny, grasshoppers skipped aside, among the yellowing grasses and tiny starveling hairbells. Overshadowed by the trees near the long canal, the way opened formerly into the gardens. The right of private keys for this gate was limited to ladies of the palace. Here, the narrow, half-moon canal was crossed by a white wooden bridge. Under it and on either side the bridge, upon the still surface, lay great water-lily leaves, crowned in their season with white lilies. In their season, too, bronze-green musk beetles, with long, curving antennae, ran and slid upon the wet rounded leaves. Down through clear interspaces between lily-stalks and wavering lengths of emerald weeds, one might watch the fish dart in and out with glancing gleam of gold, or bask on quivering fins, poised within some sunbeam lost in darker depths below. Leaning in fancy over the wooden balustrade, a dream floats back of other years, steeped in the faëry suns of long ago. The calm of some old autumn hour returns, and for one short moment. To-day is not. . . . The great east front of Hampton Court lies within its broad, black shadow, wrapped in the silence of midnoon. High up, in the very topmost rooms, well I know my grandmother sits near the open window. She is reading, or making up a cap. She always made her own caps! The time for relieving guard approaches, and a distant clanking in the cloisters soon will mingle with the fountains' ceaseless fall. The one old gentleman who has leave to fish in the Long Canal stands on the margin holding his rod over the water, and waits in patience. And now I think I hear voices coming across the park; happy voices, long since silent. They are coming nearer. The key turns in the lock and the hinges creak as the heavy gate swings open slowly. Under the trees a little drift of dry

brown leaves stir with faint rustle. Suddenly the bell of the palace clock peals once—its silvery tones passing away with the awakened breeze into the far-off blue. . . . And so the dream breaks. The old bridge is gone; gone, too, are "the old familiar faces," and the voices of other days; and stronger still for that shadow of a dream is marked the dividing-line betwixt past and present. The modern bridge is lower down, in a position convenient for the public, and for the park-gate, which occupies now a somewhat gloomy corner, and is left unlocked all day.

Tradition holds that nothing lost in Home Park is ever again found. Yet could an X ray of rarer powers be discovered, revealing things hidden in the ground, it might be that a child's small treasure might come to light somewhere about here. Just one hundred and one years ago an old maiden lady, a family friend of the famous Dr. Bentley, died. She bequeathed to a descendant of his, "Lady A.'s" little daughter of seven, her whole hoard of precious things. There were jewelled étuis, enamelled watches set with diamonds, and many a thing such as folks in these days go wild over; and there were besides a number of beautiful little finger-rings, all strung on a bit of pack-thread. One day the lawyer in charge of the bequest journeyed down from London to Hampton Court to deliver it over. The little girl was by ill chance allowed to keep possession of the rings herself; and one by one soon nearly the whole of them disappeared in the long grass where the children played, and were never seen any more.

The ghost of Sir Christopher Wren, if ever he revisits scenes that were ennobled by his architecture, must not seldom have to turn away grieved and disappointed. It is easy to imagine how he would shroud his face to shut out the eyesore of surrounding erections as in London,—or as here and elsewhere the desecration of some of his most choice interiors. The pillared Garden Cloister of Hampton Court was no doubt designed as a fitting entrance or exit for the court to pass through, to

and from the gardens. And thus, unaltered, it remained up to so late as the 'sixties, or perhaps much later. Then, when the palace grew to be more and more "a People's Palace," this spacious stately vestibule became a receptacle for the storing of garden chairs, piled up to the very ceiling almost. Shop counters were placed there, and photographs sold. Through and through every summer's day swarm the loud-voiced crowds, to whom, if indeed perchance they know it, the name of Wren is as nought. The sense of quiet and good taste which belonged to the days of old, when everything was more or less in keeping as it were, is forgotten. The inner semi-circular alcove leading from the Fountain Court to the Garden Cloister is built with arched recesses, or niches in the wall, which might have been intended for statues. There were no statues, but in one recess sat a poor old woman who sold fruit. Two big market baskets on the pavement at her knee were heaped with fruits according to their season. In June and July long narrow strawberry pottles, the same as painted in Sir Joshua's "Strawberry Girl." Later came punnets of green-gages and plums and apricots. Especially fresh to memory are the old fruit-woman's plums. They were always a kind of red, unripe color, and about as hard as the stone plum with which Miss Edgeworth makes her parents worry poor Rosamond of "The Purple Jar!" None the less, however, were they to us supreme as objects of desire. The old woman entrenched behind her baskets ceased one summer, and her image faded. Out of mind also, it may be, is now the far distant time when the water in the Fountain Court and also in the gardens uprose in one high *jette d'eau*. The strong, firm stream simply sprang into the air and fell with a certain indescribable rippling splash, which comes back forever at will to the ear of those who knew it. The full flow of the fountain then had not been frittered into flattened prettiness, which seems to so ill accord with Fusell's grave and fast-decaying medallions of the Labors of Hercules,

frescoed in grisaille round the cloistered square.¹ Equally out of keeping with the grand lines of the garden is the same low flattened form of the present day, carried out in the central fountain there. Far-famed for its crystal purity was the drinking water of Hampton Court. It was conveyed in pipes from the hill of Coombe Wood, a distance of perhaps three miles. Fevered sufferers in the neighborhood, lying sick and parched with thirst, have been known to pine for a draught of this pure water. Leaving the Fountain Court, one might wander under dark cloisters and thread the windings of dim passages, or come upon narrow doorways and glimpses unawares of little paved courts or crowded-up old bits of garden—ins and outs where sometimes it was hard to find the way. . . . Of less ancient date, in cool and gracious contrast to the so-called Dark Cloisters, are ranged the white pillars of the White Colonnade. Doors lead from it into apartments whose charm was their access to the Private Gardens, now in these days almost the loveliest and most delightful part within all the palace limits. The Bower Walk and the terraces and green alleys are still full of quiet beauty; although, for the inmates, it may be, their charm scarcely equals what it was when there was an entrance fee of one shilling for strangers! And here it may be noted that in former days the palace had no ghost-haunted corners; visitants from another world were then unheard of. They might have been there, but no one spoke of them. Perhaps people believed them less—perhaps they were more afraid. Many things now are talked about or printed which then were scarcely breathed. The sole apparition ever known to cause a shudder or a shriek was "Cardinal Wolsey" when, followed by his wife, he noise-

lessly entered a room from nowhere! A sudden shadow darkening the carpet gave the signal for immediate flight from the room, whoever might be there at the moment. The shadow was a huge black spider, named by common consent after Hampton Court's renowned cardinal. The creature's size was abnormal—his stretch of leg prodigious. And his wife was certain to come after him, as though to enhance the horror!

Within the oldest of the old brick walls there is a garden court, about which nothing remarkable is known excepting the story of two acacia trees which once grew therein. Both were planted on the same day as very young saplings by two sisters who lived together for a great many years in the rooms belonging to this plot of garden. The trees (I knew them well) increased in size and flourished for years with the usual negligent grace of an acacia. Then the elder sister died, and her acacia, immediately after her funeral had gone past it, drooped and withered away. Years passed on, and then at last the other died, having reached a ripe old age. On the very day of her death the surviving tree—the one planted by herself—began to fail, and then it also perished. There existed surely some strange sympathy between the four separate lives, and the same mysterious thread of destiny seems to have bound the old sisters in their age with the pair of trees in the green vigor of their prime. One other tree I remember in its beauty. It was a great catalpa, which, in a sheltered eastern angle of the palace, overhung the garden wall (then guiltless of a public drinking water-tap!), and made the shade beautiful with its thousands of purple-throated blooms. From old age, or from the effects of climate, this fine old tree has long since disappeared, and it would be hard to find another of such grand growth in any place in this country nowadays.

Time wanes, and we must bid farewell to these old beloved precincts. Few, doubtless, are those who will have cared to follow even thus far a lead so

¹ Since naming "Fusell" as having frescoed the grey medallions, I have seen a copy of Mr. Law's Guide to Hampton Court, where Laguerre is named as the artist. I have no doubt of this being correct, but I prefer to leave it as it is the name of Fusell, the error being one that is bound up with my own old impressions of the Fountain Court.

trifling, and one that takes us back half a hundred years! Little use is it to prose any longer of how wide the contrast—how different the then and now; of how the once prevailing atmosphere of repose and quiet is forever gone. Yet, not even for the joy of beholding Hampton Court once more as it was in the glory of its prime, as it remained, unspoilt and regal, before Bank Holidays began; before the Iron horse had outrun the old-fashioned cockney vans from London; even for a pleasure like this, who is there who would have the former years return, with their oppressions and injustice unredressed, their cruelties not wiped out, their unerased blots on humanity still staining the fair page of English life? The old, unhappy things have mercifully vanished; they are gone beyond recall. And if with them much that was beautiful is swept away, we must not lament too deeply, nor deem the price too high, though the obtuseness of modern taste and feeling may often have worked ill, or often ruin, with many a spot dear to the heart of some, as memory itself.

LEANOR VERE BOYLE.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
RELIGION AND ART.¹

In assuming the position of adviser to the leaders of our national Church on a matter of vital interest to both Religion and Art, I feel called upon to avow that it is by the amplitude of its ægis alone that I can presume to regard myself as welcomed within its special folds. Clerics of authority have assured me, that certain independence of thought, which has caused me habitually to look behind the teaching of the visible Church, to the full meaning of the word which framed the invisible Church, does not debar me from communion with our Anglican Church, into which I was received at my birth, and which has since become that of my choice. This communion,

then, does not restrain any member from a sentiment of reverence for other congregations of Christians, neither does it forbid a feeling of fellowship with any other communities that call upon the God of Abraham as their God.

A visible representation of the truth, in the form of a governing body, with a profession of faith, is a necessity for every group of worshippers, and the Church of England was formed, with great wisdom, to supply this urgent want. Its history, in the main, has justified its claim to be catholic; the influence it has exercised in its ministrations and services, the excellence of its literature from the times of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor to our own day, and the examples of blameless life set by its clergy, have won the respect and admiration of the world. I am not behind any in a feeling of reverence. The Church Congress testifies to the fearlessness of its desire for greater perfection and to the sincerity of its aim to increase the fitness of our national Church for its high office. It invites open discussion of future possibilities. I think all Englishmen with truth-seeking minds should respond, and I offer my special convictions, having the strongest sense of the high purpose of art, with no fear that the Church will regard my course with displeasure, although I have to complain that with respect to art it has from the beginning held a most discouraging position.

There are members of our Church who look on its career as predestined by fixed principles admitting of no development. These are apt to seek refuge from blame in pleading that in the discouragement of art it resembles the primitive Christian Church. The first community of preachers, however, betrayed no inclination to oppose art; the new believers only concurred in the destiny which condemned the decadent system of society, whose religion and morals had ceased to exercise any restraining force over the people; and art, with other beautiful things, disappeared without the

¹ A paper read at the Church Congress.

Church's opposition, and indeed, in spite of Christianity.

The new faith indeed was friendly to art—the decorations with religious significance, and the illustrations of Scriptural events on the walls of the catacombs, together with the designs on Christian sarcophagi now preserved in the Lateran, prove the large-minded disposition of the first disciples—Jews though they were by birth—to use graphic and engraved inventions to convey the full meaning of their belief, which was dearer to them than life.

The art in question carried too clearly the signet seal of humanity for Christians to reject it. Man has been called the first tool-making animal. He is more appropriately entitled the inventor of imitative outline. The highest quadramana use stones and stocks of trees as tools. It was reserved for man to make known to posterity his presence upon the earth by leaving wonderful drawings of his most admired brutes, the deer, the horse, the mammoth, and others. It should be noted that in doing this he was anticipating the more complicated designs by which his representatives in later days gained the epithet "divine." The term was applied to Michael Angelo and Raffaele, provoking some censure, but the epithet was not an unconsidered one; doubtless the intention was to imply that they worked in envy of the "sons of God," who said, "Let us make man in our own image."

I must say more to claim the fullest consideration for the sacredness of art, because, undoubtedly, there is still the survival of a tacit prejudice against it; it is scarcely an outspoken one any longer; yet it is only in recent years, in our country, that the open condemnation of painting and sculpture, in the name of religion, has ceased. The Bishop of London, in 1774, refused the offer of Sir Joshua Reynolds and James Barry to give their services gratuitously for the painting of St. Paul's, adding that "never during his lifetime should the cathedral be so desecrated."

It is fortunate that the task has thus been left to our day, with a large-minded diocesan, and an artist having a profounder understanding of decorative requirements than any artist of the last century had, and possessing the genius and knowledge to apply them.

Primitive man was not the first artist. The work of creation, examined by the chemist, is a marvel for its chemistry; by the metallurgist it is worshipped for its metals; by the botanist for the supreme perfection of its flora; by the anatomist for the masterly provision for the life of different orders. Each recognizes the supreme summit of his own ascending knowledge in the particular creation he examines. When the artist looks at the beauty which crowns every fresh line of effort in nature, he recognizes the master artist's work, and who gives greater praise than the student of design? All his endeavors are both prayers and thanksgivings. By his interpretations of unconsidered beauties, he teaches others to see how every order of creation progressed upwards from the roughest forms to supreme gracefulness, for when the problem of originating a new genus of life had been attained, it was often without beauty, often even a mere lump; then the heavenly artistic mind began to work out its developments; it fashioned these by slow steps into exquisite shapes; it decorated the surfaces with spots, and with delightful devices and colors, entertaining and charming first the fastidious eye of the creature's fellows—the primary purpose, as naturalists declare—and then that of far higher intelligences also to the end of time.

Perhaps we should complete this justification of art by correcting certain judgments supposed to be founded on historic example. It is often assumed that the Jews from the beginning denounced art; but this was not so. The twelve tribes in obedience to the command of Moses emblazoned their standards with the forms of animals; in the Temple Holy of Holies, were placed two cherubim carved in

olive wood, and there were numerous other angels sculptured on the walls of the house; under the brazen sea were twelve oxen cast in bronze, and sculptured lions formed part of the ornamentation; so that there is no ground for the assumption that the second commandment was intended to forbid artistic work. Hezekiah, it is true, destroyed the brazen serpent, and other image work in the temple, and doubtless, although he acted without any command but that of uninspired common sense, the danger from the idolatry of objects of terror was too real to leave any question of its wisdom. He had to destroy devil worship, the worst form of idolatry; a valuable relic of past history had become a fatal danger. This act of the Jewish king was like that of a captain in a storm who throws a cargo of corn overboard to save his ship, and to assume that corn was henceforth to be eschewed would be no more foolish than to argue that the imitation of animal form for all future time would be an impiety. Nevertheless this act has been far-reaching as an example. It caused the Jews afterwards to hate all art as a snare of Satan, and it led the Mohammedans to abjure it altogether. All wisdom dictates caution against the falsehood of extremes; it counsels a firm judgment when avoiding Charybdis to escape Scylla. There are idols which the sternest iconoclasts worship. Our Lord, in all the words recorded, does not waste one on material idolatry. He did not slay dead dragons, but he denounced in the strongest terms the spiritual idolatry which had grown up in the place of that which Hezekiah had destroyed root and branch. He would have no tampering with the superstition of the heathen however much it was welded on to Judaism, when it taught that the justice of the offended God could be escaped by recourse to some deceitful counter power. Neither would he sanction a form of charming words as, "It is a gift," to avert the penalty of disobedience, nor would he extenuate reliance on the letter instead of the

spirit of the law, nor increase the burdens of the heavy laden by tolerating the proscriptions made in the name of "the hedge about the law." He brought forward the merciful and the just meaning of "the beginning,"—the original ideal—against the authority of the greatest and most revered Rabban Hillel. Thus he would not excuse divorce for any cause but sin—and he would not have men escape an oath by the plea that it had not been on the gold of the Temple, for all such acts were spiritual idolatry. On the other hand he instilled a love of beauty of nature in the minds of his followers so that they were better prepared than other Jews would have been to recognize what was still innocent in the taste for art of the Gentiles. Their immediate use of it was to proclaim the victory over death. The examples left were for the most part rude and hurried, but they are of eternal value as witness of the conversion of a dying society. Some of the works done at this epoch, studiously and deliberately for the luxurious, testify to the shamelessness which condemned the reigning power to decay and death. Originally art was the mark of the difference between man and the brute, it had become a sign that man was using his cunning to descend below the brute, and God, who will have no falling away from onward purpose, left the people and all their activity desolate.

The Church of Christ was not ready to foster a new art. It had to keep its life and faith amid the struggles of rival barbarous hordes of Goths, Vandals, and Huns, and before long the inroads of the followers of the Arab Prophet, all hostile for the time to the formation of a new civilization; for the invaders met like the waves of a tornado, and marked their courses by the unburied dead, making it doubtful whether order or rule could ever come again. When the Church had left its first love (in centres where, as in Constantinople, sacred representations had to be made), its productions sank ever lower in artistic ability, until they came to a griffinish grotesqueness, so

that, when judged in later times, they have been taken as evidence that the Church of the new faith, installed in power, proved to be that of a religion of barbarism, and was the cause of the dark ages, when, as the Church's traducers say, no human virtues were recognized but those of self-mortification and of savage bodily courage. It was, indeed, the destructive winter between a past and a coming year, and the blossoms of the young plant were not always saved from frost.

Retarded by chilling ignorance, the spirit of art slowly raised its head; it came forth meek, and yet strong, as its protectress did. It had gained with her the greatest extent of enfranchisement possible from the corruption of the pagan world, and the handmaid rendered the mistress radiant to human eyes. The art was slow in expressing itself, and, when its lisping were intelligible, it spoke of the innocence of a child-like belief, and even the misunderstanding of its nursing days was a mark of the guilelessness of its nature. Whatever its chosen theme, or the limitations, or boundlessness, of its power, its message was of the love of heaven for earth; it had gained the spirit of its mission from the purifying fire of the troubles it had passed through in its earlier days, and the appeal it made was to the highest instincts of man.

The loveliness of art creations at this period was so great that to this day they are a powerful plea for that Church which, alas! in later days became for a time the refuge of every unclean abomination. The only visible Church for Europe (it is not too much to say) was transformed into the stronghold of Satan. Even before it had so far revolted from wisdom, the sons of art were never frankly treated any more than other of her children were; it would not trust the Bible into their hands. With selected histories from the canonical books it gave those of the apocryphal Bible and Gospels, and certain fables of its own invention—never, it must be admitted altogether unpoetic—for its painters to illustrate.

It made the struggles of the earnest-minded for greater light and truth appear like rebellion against heaven. At Hampton Court there is a picture painted by Titian of three ecclesiastical dignitaries, portraits of personages to whom high honor is intended. They are arrayed in gorgeous robes, and mitres. Yet they are far from bearing the seal of God in their foreheads. They stand together on one side of the picture, and on the other are typical figures of reformers being driven out by a descending angel. This is one instance of how art was set to make the worse appear the better reason. It is valuable as a proof how mundane the inspiration of the rulers of this Church had grown. It is a wonder that Perugino, while he was painting his daintily graceful saints and holy personages, and expending a skill of craftsmanship well-nigh perfect, should have been so unsympathetic as to provoke the suspicion that he was at heart an atheist; or that Botticelli should have been seized with a mysterious melancholy that paralyzed his hands for some years; or that Fra Bartolomeo on the burning of Savonarola should have mourned, while all his colors were left to harden, and all his other tools were slowly covered up in dust? Notwithstanding such sad revelations of the influences that eventually killed the religious art of the sixteenth century, the array of great productions which the Church of Rome of the three hundred years life of art can show as done under its auspices, bears so noble a balance of inspiration as to demand a stay of condemnatory judgment for her, for it proves that still, below the surface of worldliness, of resuscitated paganism and remorseless bloodshed, there was a tranquil life of purity, and a conception of the sweet perfection and reality of heaven's rule. Fra Angelico and Luini were not alone in testifying to the remembrance of the Church when she was the bride of Christ. And yet henceforth art became impossible to her.

Thirty years ago I had the good for-

tune to meet Dean Stanley in Florence, and after many visits to the churches and cathedrals he said to me: "I thought that at least in Catholic churches we should find the greatest taste in the decorations of their altars; but, instead of refined arrangement, I see the vulgarest display of dolls, with tinselly crinolines, such as the tawdriest shops in London would not have in their windows."

For my own part, I would not begrudge any price paid for the great Reformation, if it had been given only for religion's sake, but if any one desires to understand somewhat of the real cost of the change, and of the unholy powers that scrambled for the booty that was destroyed and divided, let him refer to Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," written about the year 1830, long before the Oxford movement. He was writing for no party, and he collected evidence from sources open to all. It will be seen that it was the rapacity of robbers, greedy to divide the spoil, that first set the example of destroying noble works of exquisite design; this it was, rather than the fear of idolatry in the overzealous. England had been a country full of riches of art; the ruined churches and monasteries, whose wrecks now meet the eye everywhere, bear evidence of this fact. When Henry had completed his work the country stood devastated as though a savage army had desolated it. The act had to be spoken of as a virtuous one, and then fanatics took the example of Hezekiah as a precedent, and never since has the country, or the religion, completely recovered from the influence of the mistaken teaching.

The Christian Church at Rome had, after the destruction of pagan art, in the course of one thousand years turned the poor heritage of a *tabula rasa* into a blessing. Had the old art lasted—so great is the force of precedent—the new art, with all its sympathetic grace, its altruistic tenderness, could never have arisen. Our English offshoot of the old Church in a similar position had a nobler prospect; "Lo, I

have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it." Behind were ignorance, tribulation, and woe; in front were learning, peace, and joyful truth. It gave a free path to the footsteps of the heaven-bound pilgrim. It might have been assumed that when the angry passions of the conflict had passed away the handmaid of religion would have been made welcome in the reformed Church; but the authorities decided to refuse her services, and the distrust of art was also extended to science. This antagonism has naturally provoked indifference on the part of the two expounders of nature towards a teaching that would seem to limit the revelations of God's secrets as having been restricted to one country and one period in history, when they themselves were the messengers of continuous teachings.

In the Hebrew Church the priests did not learn with a good grace the lesson that prophets, bearing new tidings, were needed for its governance. Moses had not explained the necessity in distinct words, but experience proved (as history always shows) that human nature could not bear the strain of unlimited rule, and that new truths had to be declared by independent teachers. Our Lord tells us how these were treated, yet their words lived, and live to this day.

We also in our Christian course have been blessed with prophets, but they have had another name. In the last days of the older Christian Church their lot was excommunication, the dungeon, and penance, if not death. Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo came forward saying, "And the Lord spake unto me," but the priests would have none of it. When the oracles cease to speak, a Church is no longer living. "As the Lord God *liveth*"—not *lived*—is the cry of the messenger of the Almighty, and our English Church, with the ruin of the elder Church before its eyes, was warned to welcome the prophets of her own day.

The Bishop of Lichfield, in his opening address at the Church Congress, gave a proof that the heads of the

Church are now warning the army of the faithful to be on their guard against warring with their truest friends, but this is a new clarion to sound, a different policy has been hitherto too much in force, and it is our business to note that the opposition to what were distinct revelations of God's manner of conducting creation has been a serious cause of that loss of influence of the clergy upon the laity which cannot be ignored. The steady operation of a wider policy will doubtless soon have its beneficial effect. The general idea is that the same change has, for many years, taken place in the attitude of the Church towards art. It is my duty to prove how the favorable tendency undoubtedly entertained by the clergy has been misdirected. None know this better than a few of the leaders in the Church; but the misapprehension is still general, and has to be removed.

Undoubtedly, about half a century since, a belief grew up that the deadly dull interiors of modern churches ought to be reformed. The Gothic taste in church building had completely overcome all other fashions, and the architects of the day, having absolutely no ideas of their own, merely copied what they found in edifices of five hundred years earlier date. The stone and wood images found about the remains of ancient churches had, in many cases, been carved by the mediæval local craftsmen, who, with the irrepressible love of humor in the Scandinavian race, having no other field whereon to indulge it, had added caricature to their clumsy skill, which was derived in some remote degree from Byzantine example. These images, with an interdiction of all levity that could excite a smile, became the revivalists' highest types of artistic excellence. For modern demand the architect chose the rudest stone cutter available, the more unsophisticated the workman the truer his style; above all, the image was to have no reflective expression of the living hewer's soul. It was to be a copy, with all the original defects of work, but it was to have no

life whatever. When applied to for internal ornamentation by means of painting and stained glass, the architect reasoned as he had done before; the less a man knew of living art the more he could be trusted not to think, and the better he would do slavish mimicry. It was done to admiration, the limner engaged hands, he prospered beyond measure, and the pattern-making designer for every sort of artistic decoration as it is called, in all churches from the lowest to the highest.

For the merit of these productions, as to correctness of proportion and evidence of past school training there is a very wide divergence; the greater number are full of flaws. They require you to believe that the saints and holy characters represented were nothing more than dwarfs, if not in respect of the upper part of the figure, at least as to the lower, the feet being found just where the knees should be. The limbs, however, are so handsomely swathed in voluminous draperies, that the casual spectator cannot tell what it is that produces the impression of distortion, and he hesitates to decide that the fault is not in his poor power of appreciation, his bewilderment leads either to paralysis of mind, or complete scepticism. There are ecclesiastical firms, with sublimer draftsmen, who entertain the idea that all the Church heroes and heroines were persons of extraordinary stature; while certain saint factories encourage the sober thought that they had the usual measurements of humanity, and so far they deserve approval; but the works, broadly speaking, are still only the mummies of defunct truths, as the dead wheat found in Egyptian tombs, which the latest investigators have tried altogether in vain to save from rotting when sown in the most fruitifying earth.

The pictures at the best are only quaint, antiquated patterns. They have no relation to the living minds of men. The figures that are painted were never actual people, and the scenes represented are not as they

may have been seen by contemporaries in this world, or as poetic people of this day imagine the persons in their glorified state; idealizing treatment which is essential for spaces devoted to decorative purposes. In the best originals you find the warmth of living thought expressing itself to living thought; in the copies you have only the gravestones of intelligence that has either in great part, or altogether, lost its meaning.

The originals of these modern Gothic devices are so far away behind German second-hand translations, and other galvanized resurrections, that they cannot be adduced as examples to show clearly how art, once green and fresh, becomes obsolete. To illustrate the changing character of art requirements, we must come into the region of great works that are well known. We will take one of the greatest of those left by the old masters. The Last Supper was naturally a favorite subject with painters nearly two hundred years before Leonardo da Vinci painted his noble picture at Milan. This, as all know, was executed on the end wall of a monastic refectory. The painter considered it appropriate to make his composition so that it should complete the quadrangle of the company at the tables, and as they all sat behind the board, so he made the Saviour and his disciples sit. Perhaps previous painters had had the same reason for so arranging the figures in this subject. After that date more careful reading of the text convinced Nicolas Poussin that the holy company did not sit at all, but reclined in the Roman manner, with the feet outwards; and he painted a picture, which, to judge from engravings, was a very interesting one, at least, in this novel and well-justified treatment. It must in other respects, have altogether lacked the power of expression which da Vinci gave to his picture, and it is in truth of treatment alone that I claim for Poussin's picture this superiority. This picture never, however, succeeded in overthrowing the traditional conception, not, perhaps, because of the grandeur

of the painting by the Milan master, but rather in consequence of the fact that five hundred examples of the fabulous treatment of much more primitive and archaic type exist which it is the fashion of the revivalists to follow.

But our Church was founded with the obligation to teach the full truth. Her highest teachers have, in literature, for long taken pains to do so. The Christian idea of intercommunion was touchingly considered by Leonardo da Vinci and his predecessors; but it may even be doubted whether, had he known the correct reading of the text and used it for his composition, in his great hands the picture would have lost any of its impressiveness on its original wall. In any case, a picture of the Last Supper is not in these days painted for a refectory; there is no reason to transform the truth of the scene, and I give the fact of the true conception with the conviction that all pictures of this subject should henceforth be painted with due consideration of the circumstance by which St. John naturally reclined in the bosom of Jesus, and that all paintings and decorations in churches should, in like manner, aid people to understand the spirit of Scripture history and teaching.

I would not here be understood as advocating my own personal predilection for Orientalism; to follow this has only recently become possible, and occasionally it has been done ignorantly and irreverently, and most inartistically. I give the ancient examples of traditional and independent conception of the same subject the more readily, because Poussin's picture is not an extreme instance of correctness.

The purpose with him, as with da Vinci, was to give a simple representation of a scene, and not a decorative or an ideal reminiscence, as might, under certain conditions of wall, of light, or adjuncts, have been called for. Each gave what was the fact in accordance with the reading by himself and by his time.

What has to be insisted upon here is that if the religion of our Lord is, in

our time, to be quickened by leaven, if the message of mercy and reconciliation is to be offered to men in these latter days with the whole heart and with the entire soul, there must be varieties of living intelligence enlisted in the service, and we must show that we are not afraid of truth. If soldiers now went into a battle with bows and arrows and suits of armor (which it was wittily said were capital inventions to prevent a man from getting hurt, and from hurting others) they would not make many conquests. What the authorities have done in this matter of art has been not only to use the old fashions, but to discover the worm-eaten weapons of Poictiers and Cressy, without bowstrings and arrows, and harness with broken buckles and straps, and to make Chinese-like copies of these. The wants of the mind of man grow as much as those of his body. The world will not stand still, whether we like it or not.

The professional critic has a severe epidemic just now which makes him rage to the effect that real art must have no moral or religious teaching in it. Spite of the fact that what the world used to call art grew in the service of religion, the new fever is a catching one. It is fashionable sometimes to have a malady, or a malformation, but we have on this occasion to do with persons free from the modern infection, and it will scarcely be disputed by them that art is intended to get through the eyes down to the hearts of men.

The sham art that we have got in our churches has been tolerated so long because art is considered to be properly an indulgence for the rich. In Florence four hundred years ago when the people there—or rather the Church—founded the hospital for the nursing of foundling children (it is edifying to mark the date), it was not considered properly furnished until it had been decorated with panels designed and executed by Lucca della Robbia, and there they remain to this day. Many of the benevolent in our time leave money to endow hospitals, but who

ever thinks that the poor patients should in the period of repose have their minds as well as their bodies ministered to? Let us go deeper still, and consider the poor criminal in his solitary prison. There, would it not be possible to reach the heart of the hardened by that language which is universal? Think of the cheerless prison chapel in which he worships with words that he must be tempted to regard as part of the official routine. Still there is a more terrible abyss, there is the murderer in the condemned cell. Have you never dreamt that you were in his position? Imagine him with a nightmare that will never go, sleeping or waking, the blank unanswering walls of his prison mocking his desire to escape from himself, and then ask whether art can be a living art that leaves such outcasts unconsidered? The thought of these castaways will put to the test the worth of the affected ecclesiastical patterns in vogue; for it must lead us to ask how far they would meet the tragic requirements of men in the valley of the Shadow of Death?

The system, believe me, is degrading to all concerned; to the architect who thinks that his work can be done by rule and compass; to the servile collector of antique types with samples of designs for holy subjects at choice; to the craftsmen who work for him with instructions above all not to make any lines but those of dead ideas; and to the church-goer in whose mind the galvanized puppets portrayed are calculated to originate the idea that the story on which the religion is founded is a mere myth; and to the artist wavering in faith there is no doubt danger that he will go over into the ranks officered by the professional critic, and adopt the idea that his gleanings of beauty can only be for the luxurious and thoughtless. Throughout my life I have looked upon the artificiality of religious design with despair. It was impossible to cure the evil, for some artists acquiesced in the practice it had given rise to. What gives new hope for the generation to

come is that ecclesiastics have arisen with a new sense of the value of living art, and a small number of young artists have thought it high time to combine to denounce the prevalent taste, and to strive to serve religious thought with designs of original conception, and they have formed the "Clergy and Artists Association." I trust that the members will realize the difficulties of the position they have assumed. They must be practical and business-like. Thinking takes time, and must be charged for, but I am persuaded that the real artist may be justly paid for all his labor as an original designer, without exceeding in any prohibitive degree the price now given to the business caterer for his inanities. For the human mind to be exercised church decoration must be entirely under the artist, and on the new system we should have no more devices that are like the pictures on playing cards, but presentments that will speak of real, dear, imperishable humanity, moved by the living spirit of unselfish love.

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

From Longman's Magazine.
THE HON. MRS. NORTON AND HER
WRITINGS.

The reviews of an earlier generation are not altogether pleasant reading. If it is productive of an agreeable sense of superiority to be enabled, backed by the authority of time, to reverse the judgments of a former day, there is another side of the question, and to act, however justly, as the iconoclast of a past faith, is to anticipate the overthrow of a present idol.

In the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1840, there appeared a paper, till lately attributed to Lockhart, but of which the authorship now seems uncertain, dealing with the productions of some nine or ten poetesses of the time. Amongst the names mentioned two only arrest the attention of a reader of the present day: those of Elizabeth Barrett and of

Caroline Norton, and of the two it is clear that, not only in its place in the article, but in the estimation of the writer, the latter takes precedence. It is curious indeed, and instructive, to contrast his warm admiration and kindly criticism of her poems with the cold appreciation and measured praise he accords to those of her rival. Time has reversed his verdict. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has taken her place amongst the poets, whilst Mrs. Norton's graceful verse is almost forgotten.

But Mrs. Norton herself is not forgotten. If unremembered as a poet, and for the most part unread as a writer of prose, there is a sense in which she still lives. The tradition of her personality has been handed down to a generation which had no first-hand acquaintance with her; Mr. George Meredith has embodied it in a work of fiction; she has, in fact, taken her place amongst those who hold their own against oblivion, not so much by right of what they have done as of what they have been; round whom a legendary interest seems to cling, as it is accustomed to cling round those who, whether they have lived well or have lived ill, have at least lived much, and have stamped the seal of their sign manual upon their times.

Such a place in men's memory few would be found to despise, and it is probable enough that, especially amongst women, the greater number would elect to be immortalized rather by means of this subtle power of personal attraction than by the record of more substantial achievements. It is, in truth, an altogether exceptional triumph, like the crystallization of a rainbow, or the prolongation of some such intrinsically ephemeral effect; and one may well believe that Mrs. Norton, in spite of the ambition which made her wonder in later days whether the unenviable notoriety which had pursued her through life had been in punishment for her early craving for literary fame, had she been offered a place in the memory of generations to come as woman or as writer, would not have hesitated in her choice.

At the time, however, when the article

in the *Quarterly* appeared, such an alternative was not likely to have presented itself to her. Mrs. Norton had that confidence in her powers which is an almost indispensable condition of success, and, in a dedication addressed to the queen of the Netherlands, she lays frank and confident claim to a share, in the domain of literature, of that sovereignty possessed by her friend in a different sphere.

If her opinion of her own gifts was endorsed by her contemporaries, the reason is not far to seek. It was probably no easy matter to distinguish the woman from the writer or to pass a wholly dispassionate judgment upon her literary work. She was one of the pioneers—at least among women—of the class who combine a distinctive social position with the pursuit of literature; while the influence exercised at all times by such irrelevant circumstances upon success in the profession of letters was especially marked in the case of a writer whose work was so intimately associated with her personality that those who were under the fascination of the one could scarcely fail to find attraction in the other.

There have indeed been few persons not actually before the world in some public capacity round whom so much interest has centred. Her story was well calculated to lay hold of the popular imagination and to engage general sympathy, and to estimate aright her work and explain its popularity it is necessary to bear the facts of her life in mind.

The main outline, and even many of the details of her history, are well known, she herself having left upon record—publicly in her "Letter to the Queen," as well as in her privately printed pamphlet—such facts as she conceived it to be in the interest of the public, and especially of women as deeply injured and more helpless than herself, to make known. That her motive was not wholly unselfish is, of course, obvious. What motive, indeed, is? She had never affected that indifference to the opinion of the world which is the prerogative of the sinner

and the saint, and not always theirs. If she had never posed as a saint, she was passionately unwilling to be classed amongst the sinners. Her reputation was to her a matter of life and death, and, since publicity had been thrust upon her, since the tragedy of her domestic life had been laid ruthlessly bare to the scrutiny of the curious crowd, she would make her vindication to the world. It is not to all that belongs the supreme dignity of silence.

It is a dramatic story that is unfolded in these pages—pages as human as the life itself, in which the character of the writer stands out in such vivid relief that even those who did not know her may be conscious of the contagion of her influence and understand the charm—that, amongst others, of being *plus femme que les autres*—by which she subjugated men. Hot tempered and impetuous, she was vehement alike in love and in hate, generous and vindictive. "It was like having too much fire in one's room," was the description of the effect produced by her personality given by her friend the late Sir Frederick Elliot and quoted in a letter from one of her few remaining contemporaries, who goes on to recall a sense which had taken place at Vienna. Requested by Mrs. Norton to desire the leisurely German coachman to quicken his pace, Sir Frederick had maliciously translated the order into a complaint that they were being driven too fast, with the result, on the part of the driver, of a further slackening of speed, and, on the part of Mrs. Norton, of a violent passion. "The man," she said, "does it to tease me. I wish the whip were in *my* hand!" It is impossible to follow her career without feeling that that wish was not seldom granted.

Born in the year 1808 of a family in which talent and beauty seemed heirlooms of the race, the granddaughter of Richard Sheridan and of his first wife, the beautiful Miss Linley—described by a bishop as the connecting-link between woman and angel—Caroline Sheridan enjoyed a full share of the family inheritance. Of worldly goods there was little to inherit, her father having died

early, leaving behind him no less than six children, endowed with little beyond their natural gifts to enable them to make their way in the world. Mrs. Norton's entrance upon life had not, however, been without its advantages; her education had been a good one; she had been aided in her "first battle against fortune" by those possessing rank and influence; was connected by early association, and later by marriage and by friendship, with some of the most prominent families in England; and finally, almost from childhood, had been successfully launched in that literary profession in which she herself recognized her natural sphere. From that time she was constantly before the world; her great beauty and power of attraction, her unhappy domestic life—unfortunately become public property—and most of all, her association in calumny with a man upon whom all eyes were bent, ensuring to her a degree of attention which her talents, remarkable as they were, could not by themselves have commanded. There have been few women whose adherents have been so passionate in their defence, and whose accusers have been so bitter,¹ whose friends have been so true and enemies so implacable; whose wrongs have been so deeply resented, and, on the other hand, to whom their errors have been—even posthumously—so unsparingly brought home. And yet her injuries, though great, were not more intolerable than those suffered by thousands, nor were her faults more unpardonable, if, indeed, we except the one act of treachery of which she stands accused—a betrayal too sordid and too base and cold-blooded for us to find it easy to credit the story, recently repeated in a form manifestly inaccurate,² and which has been formally denied by those entitled to speak in her name.

From the first she occupied a position in London society which would scarcely be possible at the present day, when it

has become too unwieldy to be dominated by any single sovereign. The position is epitomized by her own comment upon the account she was accustomed to give of the night upon which she made her *début*; when, coming down ready dressed to the room where her mother and aunt were awaiting her, she heard the one observe to the other that Caroline looked well to-night, receiving for reply the reminder that the speaker had always maintained that her eyes were fine. And, from this modified commendation, "I came out," Mrs. Norton would add, in telling the story, "to find all London at my feet"—an intoxicating experience for any woman, and not least so for one like Mrs. Norton.

A letter which I am permitted to quote, written in the year 1847 by Mrs. Brookfield (Thackeray's friend) to her cousin Henry Hallam, gives a graphic, though half ironical, sketch of the place she filled when her youth, and to some extent her beauty, was a thing of the past.

"The event most worthy of note since I last wrote to you," Mrs. Brookfield says, "took place at Lady Buff's [Duff Gordon's] on Wednesday. I was admiring the stately Norton, at a respectful and unobtrusive distance, when, to my utter amazement, the Swan pinions floated the regal form forwards, and straight in full career up to the humble sparrow on the house-top, as I felt myself to be when confronted by the stately swan—beautiful browed Enone. Your father introduced her, and a deep base voice increased my amaze by the words, 'Mrs. Brookfield, I have heard of you, talked of you, written about you, for so long, yet never met till now.' What could a miserable, gyrating, abjectist, and puniest souled of sparrows do but fall in utter prostration at the sight of so much condescending and bounteous benevolence? We spoke of Rhoda [Mrs. Brookfield's sister-in-law], whom the Norton had known at Hampton Court in days gone by. 'I hope she is Beloved?' said the deep-toned voice. 'She *was* beloved when I knew her, and I am sure she deserved it. . . . ' etc., etc. Something too much of this, one might

¹ She has herself placed upon record the epithets of "she-devil" and "she-beast" publicly launched at her upon the assumption—a false one—that she was the author of "The Grievances of Women."

² See Sir William Gregory's autobiography.

be led to exclaim, and I must say she gave me the impression conveyed by the words of the song, 'The world's breath had been there'—very handsome, and lighted up with intellect and tactful grace and majesty of mien withal—but I should not wish to be further patronized by her."

Crabb Robinson, too, in his description of the dinner at the poet Rogers', of the mystery made by his host as to his expected guest, of her late arrival, of the "whisper which ran along the company," and of his recognition of the much eulogized and much calumniated Mrs. Norton, gives further evidence of the position, surely almost unique, which she held in the London world.

It had been with perilously slight knowledge of the man to whom she was confiding her future that she had entered upon the relationship she afterwards characterized, in her denunciation of English law, as a sacrament for the poor and for women, and a civil contract for gentlemen—a bondage in which the boasted unity of man and wife was the unity of those twisted groups of animal death in sculpture, where one creature is wild to resist and the other fierce to destroy. Not six sentences, so she declared, had been exchanged between herself and Mr. George Chapple Norton when the latter made her an offer of marriage. What were the grounds of her consent does not appear, but the wedding took place and from the first it became apparent that the life upon which she had entered was doomed to disaster. It is but fair to credit Norton with disinterested motives in forming the connection, but he lost no time in attempting to turn his wife's interest to account, impressing upon her that, having brought him no fortune, it was her duty to make up for the deficiency by employing her influence with those in power—already, it would seem, a factor to be reckoned with—on his behalf; a lesson so well taken to heart by Mrs. Norton that in the course of two or three years she had obtained for him a post from Lord Melbourne worth 1,000*l.* a year, whilst the money brought in by her writings sup-

plemented to a large extent the income thus secured.¹

But already the curtain had arisen upon the tragedy their domestic life was destined to present. Only a few weeks after the ill-omened marriage Norton's true character revealed itself in acts of personal and drunken violence, and scene after scene, sketched in after days by the hand of an unhappy wife, depict with all the skill and force at her command the coarse brutality of the man, together with the unconciliatory spirit of his victim—a victim ill-prepared by the admiration she met with abroad to submit with patience to the vulgar despotism to which she was subjected at home. The two lives went on simultaneously, in sharp and intolerable contrast. Her social, as well as her literary, success was complete. She counted her friends among the best-known men of her time. Macready could not look at her without looking long—"her face is one to think of;" Bulwer Lytton, in his verses to the "Queenly Spirit of a Star," speaks of "the hour made holy by her birth;" Moore dedicated his poem to her; and the intimacy with Lord Melbourne, for which she paid so heavily, was formed. Women, as well as men, felt her fascination, and Fanny Kemble likens the soft contralto of her voice to her "beautiful dark face set to music."

And yet what was it all worth? "You do not know," she wrote afterwards to a friend, "how very little all the admiration and court that can be paid can make up for unhappiness at home. Many and many a night have I gone out to prove that I *could* go to such and such places, and laughed restlessly after I got there, to prove mortification and sorrow could not reach *me*, when I could have laid my head on my hands and heard no more of what was going on than one hears in the vague murmuring of a waterfall."

She was doubtless sincere, in spite of the suspicion which forces itself upon one—perhaps unfairly, allowing for the language of sentiment of the day—that

¹ In a single year her earnings amounted to 1,400*l.*

her identity is occasionally confused with that of her own heroines. She at all times possessed the artist's faculty of perceiving the incongruities of situations, and of using them with picturesque effect, as in the description she gave of her meeting with her son's wife, the daughter of a Capri fisherman. "She thrust her little savage hand into mine, and asked me to sing her one of the songs which the fishermen's wives sang in England. Fancy," Mrs. Norton would add, "my singing Billingsgate songs!"

Life at home was certainly of a nature to poison pleasure elsewhere. Instances of her husband's brutality might be multiplied, but one will suffice. The picture remains, drawn by her own pen, of the two sitting together, herself engaged on a letter to her mother, when she is interrupted by the accusation that it is a complaint that she is sending home—a charge met by the answer, ill-calculated to allay her husband's irritation, that she is seldom in a position to do otherwise. Norton lays hands upon the letter and destroys it, and upon her straightway beginning a second, pours the spirits which stood near him over her writing materials, sets them in a blaze; and then, or on some other occasion, places the hot kettle on her hand "to teach her not to brave him."

After incidents such as these there is something curious in the language in which she warns her brother that if Mr. Norton would not be more "gentleman-like" she will be forced to leave him. It was doubtless for her children's sake—the children for whom her passionate love was the dominant principle of her life—that she delayed so long the final step, deterred by the dread of what actually took place when, her threat having been at last carried into effect, Norton, in revenge, used his legal power to take possession of her little sons of six and four and two, handing them over to the care of a woman who, when their mother had succeeded in tracking them, met her with insolent menaces of the police.

It is unnecessary to linger over the

well-known story of the charge which followed. Whether, according to Greville's belief, the suit against Lord Melbourne was encouraged by persons of influence for political reasons, or whether, as Norton himself declared, his sole adviser had been a drunken stable-helper, is of little consequence now. Long years after, when Lord Melbourne was dead and the old scandal had been once more raked up, Mrs. Norton broke the partial silence he had enjoined upon her and told the story of those weeks of shame and humiliation in vindication of herself and her friend. Declaring once again, "upon the Holy Sacraments of God," that the charges were false, she printed for private circulation the letters addressed to her by Lord Melbourne at the time. "Living," she said, "he justified himself by his simple word of honor; and, dead, I justify him with lines written by a hand cold in the grave."

The letters were, in truth, her most effective defence, manly and loyal, counselling conciliation so long as conciliation was possible, and afterwards a quiet trust in the power of innocence to prove itself, while there mingles with his indignation at the charge something like reproach for the wife's want of discernment of the character of the man whom he describes as "possessed by a devil, and that the meanest and basest fiend that disgraces the infernal regions." "I had not," Mrs. Norton observes, "the 'lover' attributed to me; but I had a friend, deeply wounded and whom I grieved to wound," and, with a courage which could scarcely have existed apart from innocence, she did not hesitate to print the assurance of his deep affection. "I miss you," he writes on one occasion; "I miss your society and conversation every day. . . . You know well enough that there is nobody who can fill your place."

The trial took place, resulting in absolute and complete exoneration of the accused, and the calumny was killed—so far as such calumnies ever are.

But the children? "I thought of nothing, day or night, but my children," Mrs. Norton wrote. And the trial over, and

her innocence of the charge against her established in a court of law, what was the result? She was allowed to see them once, and for the space of one half-hour, in the presence of two women who had been brought as witnesses against her! Such was English law at the time, amended later on by the Infant Custody Act, by which some little further intercourse, formal and comfortless, was allowed.

The climax was reached when the youngest of her sons, then eight years old, out riding without proper care, was thrown from his pony and died after a week's illness. Only at the last, and when it was too late, was his mother summoned.

"I am here," she said to the stranger by whom she was met. "Is my boy better?"

"No, he is not better," was the reply. "He is dead." He was, in fact, already in his coffin.

One more scene completes her life, so far as it was public property. Years have passed and once more Norton, for the sake of pecuniary advantage, brings her before a court of law, repudiating by a legal quibble his financial obligations towards her. Once more man and wife meet under the curious eyes of the spectators.

"What does the witness say? Let her speak up. I cannot hear her," said her husband insolently, as anger and shame choked her words; and, leaving his place, he came to seat himself close beside her, only the skirting board between. But even then she had not been prepared for the nature of the ordeal which awaited her. He had a blow to strike upon which she had not calculated. It was not only for an income that she was there to fight, but for her fair fame. On the ground of the sum of money bestowed upon her by Lord Melbourne's family in accordance with his dying wish, her husband repeated the charge disproved in court long years ago, and once more publicly made his accusation against her.

It was too much. Her husband, to use her own forcible language, digging away her peace and turning up as he

dug "dead sorrows, buried shames, miserable recollections," and, surely too, the memory of the true and loyal friend who was no longer at hand to vindicate her—all this was too much—her vision grew indistinct, her voice husky, her sentences confused. For the moment, but for the moment alone, her husband triumphed.

The description of her wrongs was given, it must be remembered, at a time when those were still alive whose vital interest it would have been to refute her charges. That the world believed them to be, in the main, true, the sympathy of which she was the object is proof; and to that sympathy much, no doubt, of her literary popularity was due. It was not possible to her, even had she desired it, to separate her life from her writings. It was precisely in the combination of the two that her power lay. Remove the personal element and little remains to differentiate her work from that of any other graceful and cultivated writer of her time. When that same Quarterly Reviewer joined to his enthusiastic commendation the friendly counsel to "break through the narrow circle of personal and domestic feeling, and to adventure herself upon a theme of greater variety and less morbid interest," adding the warning that "egotism is egotism still, and the world is weary of it," he might as well have counselled Samson to shear off his long hair and then go forth to the encounter of the Philistines. Wherever her individuality has free scope, wherever her wrongs, her sorrows, the injuries she had suffered, are, directly or indirectly, in question, there is to be found beauty, pathos, and not seldom power, although everywhere touched by the egotism of which—say what the literary critic might—the world was *not* weary. And, after all, what is egotism but the more candid form of that craving for sympathy which is co-extensive with human nature itself? "I wish it was all over," Mrs. Norton once said, "and that people were discussing what I *was*." And yet would she not, like so many

others who ask to be let alone, have missed the interest of the world in her affairs? In her case, too, the bargain was not the one-sided affair it sometimes is—she was as ready to give as to demand sympathy, and if the tragedy of her own life was constantly present with her, it served also to mirror the tragedies, actual or potential, of every other, and to accentuate her desire to save what might still be saved out of the universal shipwreck.

"Remember," she thus wrote to a friend about to be married, "that the most intelligent woman God ever made has something of the child in disposition, and that the indulgence shown to children is as necessary in their case. . . . Do not laugh at me for lecturing my betters. It is only when I think of some fresh and uncommenced destiny that I look gravely and sadly back at all the mistakes in my own."

Again the sombre background is present—the background of a ruined life—but it is by that ruined life that she pleads for others, although the terms in which the appeal is couched might not commend themselves to the present advocates of "women's rights." At the very time, indeed, when she was vindicating, with all the passion and eloquence at her command, the claims of women to justice, she is careful to assert her opinions on a question which was even then a vexed one. "The natural position of woman," she writes, "is inferiority to man. Amen. That is a thing of God's appointing not of man's devising. I believe it sincerely, as a part of my religion; and I accept it as a matter proved to my reason. I never pretended to the wild and ridiculous doctrine of equality."

The limitation of her power to the boundaries of experience is the explanation of the extreme inequality of her work. Thus her most successful novel, "Stuart of Dunleath," is the picture of a life in which the reflection of her own is plainly visible—the history of a woman who, unhappily married, finds that "life is shattered into days that

never can unite again to give back the perfect image of peace;" and those of her poems which have most of the ring of reality, though marred by the bombast or grandiloquence of her school, are those in which the autobiographical element is found. At best, however, her novels belong to a bygone day; her verse to a fashion which is past. It is a composition of a different character, and one in which she speaks in her own person and without disguise, which chiefly justifies her claim to the position accorded to her by her contemporaries, and it is her "Letter to the Queen," ringing with all the changes of passionate reproach, of eloquent invective, and edged sarcasm, which best serves as an example of her power.

It is an appeal to the queen, as sovereign and as woman, called forth by the rejection of the Bill for the Amendment of the Marriage Laws, when the defeated had gone back to their homes, like a party of miners, relinquishing the attempt to dig out their buried comrades. Courtier as she was, Mrs. Norton does not shrink from drawing her examples of injustice from the royal race; then, turning to her own disastrous experience, she makes her appeal against calumny, not only on her own behalf but upon that of the queen's dead friend, whom her Majesty does not surely, to quote St. Simon, mourn so much "*à la Royale*" that slander of him should be indifferent to her.

And then comes the end—her solemn dedication of herself and her gifts to the cause of outraged womanhood. Till that cause is won she abjures all other uses to which she has hitherto put her powers. "My husband," she concludes, "has a legal lien on the copyright of my work. Let him claim the copyright of *this*, and let the lord chancellor cancel my right to the labor of my own brain and pen, and docket it, among other forgotten Chancery papers, with a parody of Swift's contemptuous labelling, "Only a Woman's Pamphlet."

I. A. TAYLOR.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.
"NEVER THE LOTOS CLOSES."

I.

It was near the end of the rainy season, and the president's liver was out of order, and his presidency, which extended over a few hundred miles of barren dune and crag and a mixed population of all colors, knew it. Also the executive and heads of departments generally were just sickening for another attack of suspicion, the advent of the disease being heralded by press prohibitions and unnecessary arrests. Altogether these things pointed pretty clearly to the periodical outbreak, which necessitated a rapid change of the personnel of the government, conducted on the usual strictly homicidal principles. By the time the full languor of the hot weather was upon us, a general amnesty would be proclaimed, and the new president—who had climbed into power during the storm—be extolled for his clemency.

I had not been out very long, and the ways of the Republic still amused me. My friend the British consul, who for the last fifteen years had inhabited a little whitewashed house on the cliff pervaded by rats and grey lizards and within hail of the pestilential odors from the beach six hundred feet below, did not look upon things in the same light. In theory he agreed that these periodical bloodlettings were indispensable to the health of the Republic, but he disliked the extra work and exertion entailed by a too frequent indulgence in them. Moreover he preferred these fever fits should come on in the cooler part of the year.

We were sitting in the shady end of his piazza, and he was giving me his views on the situation.

"The present party'll last about a fortnight," he was saying, "unless they do something out of the way mad, which may give 'em six weeks' grace."

"What sort of thing?" I asked. "They can't do much harm anyway, the area is limited."

"Don't you make any such mistake," returned he with some warmth. "The

old world is a mere mass of tinder a spark from here could set blazing. Some time ago," he went on meditatively, "the tail-end of a political party nearly did the trick. If it hadn't been that Scanderson was on the premises, they'd have scorched the British Empire for certain."

This being a pretty large order even for a South American Republic to contract for, I concluded he had a tale to tell, and I felt it was my duty to make him tell it.

"Who is Scanderson?" I asked. "The name doesn't seem to fit in with blue tropic seas and hot-blooded presidents."

"It's hard to be sure where he hailed from—inside the British Isles," Allansford returned thoughtfully. "Irish-Scotch for choice. Curious blend Irish-Scotch."

It was too hot to talk, although the night would be on us in half an hour, so I settled myself in my chair.

"The story," I said.

The sun was brooding low over the Pacific—an angry eyeball under a purple lid—and lending a tinge of red to the low yellow hills bounding the shore. Below us a bloated pelican poised itself upon one of the black-backed boulders that always reminded me of a school of whales floating dead in the bay.

After a prolonged pause, Allansford recommenced.

"It was rather late in the year when it all began. There was a president in power at the time who was the worst president these mixed races have ever been goaded into revolution by. They only took him on because there were no other candidates upon that occasion. The last two had been blown up, you see, and that made the usual crowd a bit shy.

"He'd been president about four months, and any one could tell with half an eye he'd never see a fifth under ordinary circumstances, but he was backed by an unscrupulous party, who knew that his fall meant early morning shooting practice for the black and yellow troops with themselves for targets.

So they put their heads together to invent something solid to put off the evil day and give them time to clear; for by this time the troops who were garrisoning the ports had mostly gone over to the opposition, and would be sure to resent any movement likely to deprive them of their shooting excursions."

Allansford pushed the cigars towards me and continued.

"As I said, the president and his party put their heads together and held a confabulation. I afterwards heard what passed at the meeting."

"Who told you?" I inquired, seeing my companion smile.

"Well, it was the president's right-hand man—the minister for foreign affairs, finance, war, marine, and public instruction, a gentleman who fortunately believed in hedging. The president got up and gave a crape-and-fire sketch of the position, remarking they were all in the same boat and must sink or swim together, and ended up with a polite request that any one who had a workable plan to propose should lay it on the table for general consideration.

"Various members of the government talked different kinds of nonsense, and when they had quite finished, the president got on his legs again.

"'What we want,' said he, 'is, I gather, breathing space—time, in fact, to get clear. To do that we must give the people something interesting to think of—take some step that will create a sensation, and we can't do better than declare war on somebody. It will give us a fortnight's grace, probably more, and before the war can come off we shall be out of it all, besides,' he added sweetly, 'making it jolly nasty for the party who want to out us.'

"The extraordinary foresight of the president's scheme caused such emotion at this point that business had to be temporarily suspended; but when things had settled down again, they set about choosing the country which should be the subject of their bellicose attentions.

"Opinions differed here.

"One man proposed the United States, but was cried down because the president said he'd heard that 'they'd lately ordered a navy and initiated a foreign policy, and who could say what they might not do in the first warmth of their feelings?

"He was no fool that president—only downright bad and corrupt.

"The other powers next came under consideration, but were rejected one after another for certain cogent reasons till all the available powers were disposed of excepting England.

"I propose," said the president, 'that we declare war against England.'

"Dom Miguel had said so many clever things that day, that no one ventured to disagree with him. So, after waiting a reasonable time for objections to be advanced, he proceeded to give the grounds for his choice.

"'We know,' said he, 'that England is big and dignified, and hard to irritate. Also the English element here is not of much account numerically, though they are rich enough to be worth individual attention. This move of ours will cause a vast sensation, and raise us in the scale of nations, and we won't suffer any ill effects. Whereas, if we were to declare war on a little power, they'd take it to heart perhaps, and we'd have their waspy little cruisers here under a week. It's different with England. They'll bring the matter before Parliament, and talk about it, and perhaps send a commission to investigate and report. Meantime we can retire comfortably, and put leagues between us and our country.'

"Every one present felt the soundness of these arguments, so the question was decided, and they passed on to arrange some excuse for picking the quarrel. As luck would have it, they found it very hard to fix on anything to complain of. The English in this district are an orderly lot, mostly engaged in expanding the trade, enriching the state, and generally promoting the welfare of the country.

"But the president again came to the rescue.

"There's a man from Europe boring holes and blasting rocks on the edge of the quagmires under the mountains. He is safe to be English—no other land rears that energetic type of lunatic. I don't know what he is after, but whatever it is he is contravening the treaty. I'll have him fetched to begin with. We might also publish a manifesto against the encroachments of the English, and chuck their consul into gaol."

"This decided it, and the council broke up, leaving the president to sign the warrant for my arrest, and distributed themselves amongst the various saloons in the town for the purpose of raising Calm.

II.

"The president proved to be right in his calculations, for when the news got abroad that the Republic intended to cling to their rights and their boundaries, and to stand out with all their forces against the greed of England, a big demonstration was held in his honor in the Plaza Mayor, and there was some natural anxiety aroused in the minds of the leaders of the opposing party.

"As soon as I became aware of all that had passed at the meeting of the council, I knew the affair promised to be distinctly awkward. That business in Guatemala recurred to my mind—when they all but flogged the consul to death, you remember. I set about considering what I had better do. I gave the popular excitement a couple of weeks to subside, but meantime almost anything might happen. A shooting party for my benefit, by way of throwing down the gauntlet to England, was quite on the cards, and would have suited the taste of the populace to a hair. Supposing they took milder measures, the gaol was in any case highly insanitary. I knew they had had Yellow Jack there among a batch of Cubans from Panama not a week before. Besides, a declaration of war, from however rotten and paltry a state, might have turned out a ticklish point for England to arrange at a mo-

ment when the world was suffering from a severe go of anglophobia.

"All things considered, I determined to keep the peace at any price, and not to go to gaol if I could help it.

"Knowing that my time was short, I sent a message down to the only man I knew who could be of any use at such a pinch—Scanderson, in fact—asking him to be with me as soon as possible.

"Scanderson lived in the narrowest street in this dirty little town. I knew he understood the idiosyncrasies of South American Republics—which was most important—and had had considerable experience in revolutions. He had resided in the republic off and on for some years, and generally had some job or other on hand, and mostly pulled them off too, though some of them were queer enough, I can tell you. His morals were not over-high, and his talk wasn't exactly clean, but I knew he had a head on him, and would do most things for a consideration. And that was about as much as I knew of him at that time.

"I was sitting in this piazza where we are now when he turned up. He was a cross-eyed, clean-shaven man, with a leather-colored skin.

"I judged it best to give him a clear hint of our predicament, and intimated that efficient advice or help would be looked upon as a valuable contribution, and paid for on a liberal scale.

"'It all depends on what you want to do,' he said. 'If you want my help in this affair, just say what's to be done. Then I'll name my price, and, when details are settled, start gettin' through with it.'

"'I don't want the British Empire to have a row with this microbe of a state,' I explained, 'and I don't want to go to gaol.'

"Scanderson considered a moment.

"'You're not for bolting?' he asked, with his head on one side like a vulture.

"'How can I bolt?' I answered angrily. 'I've got my work to attend to.'

"'Just so,' he agreed.

"And they're coming to arrest me in an hour."

"Or less," added Scanderson with conviction. "After that they'll raid the houses of the English residents, and then there'll be the deuce to pay."

"I know that, man!" I said, exasperated. "That's just the difficulty."

"Scanderson surveyed me dispassionately.

"It will be an ugly business, take my word for it," he remarked, "unless—we stop it."

"Can't you tackle the problem?" I asked; "you know this precious Pacific seaboard better than any man living."

"He smoked an inch of green cheroot before he answered me.

"I believe I do, but—"

"Name your price," I said testily.

"'Taint altogether a question of dollars," he answered slowly. "If you knew as much of international politics as I do, and had the same sources of information, which you have not—being H.B.M.'s consul—you'd know that we—taking us as a nation—are in about the tightest place on record."

"We sat smoking in dreary silence for many minutes.

"I know that prospector," he began again, waving his hand eastwards; "he's as British as you or I, though his name's Köpsel. But you'll have to stick to it that he's German, and he'll stick to it too as long as we are down on our luck. I'll pass him the word."

"They won't believe him," I objected.

"No," he assented; "but we could make 'em if— When is that gunboat we keep round here coming back?"

"I replied that she was gone for a cruise, and that even if it were possible to wire for her at that instant, it would be a goodish while before she could drop a party of blue-jackets on the hot, white wharf below there.

"I'm jiggered!" he said, smoking furiously.

"By this time I felt pretty low.

"Can't you suggest anything?" I asked hopelessly. "If you can't, there will be seventy Britons less in this re-

public this day week—not to mention further complications."

"Let me alone!" he growled savagely, and sucked at his new smoke with vigor.

"After ten minutes' tobacco he spoke.

"You'll have to guarantee expenses."

"Certainly," I said.

"And 5000, down."

"Yes; go on."

"Well, now I'll sketch out my notion. I've a half-dismantled hulk up the coast, that was going to be rafters next week," he commenced.

"The Bird of Paradise!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that's her handle. You know her? I'll ride across and stop the rafter business. You remember the cut of her keel, and the blunt sweep—"

"No, no!" I interrupted in a hurry. "I know nothing of her—except commercially. Don't waste time in describing her; I don't want to have anything to do with her."

"Don't you?" rejoined he roughly. "Yet she's the only stick between you and kingdom come!"

"He put his elbows on his knees and bent towards me.

"Look here! I'm going to strip the bulwarks off that old wreck, and ballast her below the Plimsoll line," he said with an odd bitterness I could not then account for, and keeping only the tail of his eye on me to see how I took it. "It's useless to enter into details with you. I'll put a round black turret on her amidships, paint her jet black from stem to stern, and I'll plough her along that blooming blue horizon to scare the natives!"

"I simply stared at him; I couldn't imagine what he was driving at.

"Shake yourself awake!" he went on with a good deal of contempt, "and lose no time in reporting to Dom Miguel that you expect her Majesty's turret ship the Destroyer along here the third day from now."

"Good Lord!" I said, "you don't suppose they'll rise to a crazy trick like that!"

"Try 'em; that's all!" he replied confidently. "It's crude and it's crazy, but

it aint time-worn anyway. It's brand new—this trick is. And who's to say she's not a British war ship? 'Taint you nor me, Mr. Allansford, nor yet our reputations neither, that's backing that ship to be genuine. It's the reputation of England! And I want to know if this Republic is likely to stand up and question that under the guns of the Destroyer? I guess not!"

"But the Bird of Paradise is well known," I persisted.

"She is, but she won't be long—not by the time I've done with her."

"Besides, she's not seaworthy."

"That's true too, but I'll patch her up and coddle her along under the shore. I've eaten salt biscuit in my time, and, well—she's good for a couple of hundred knots—perhaps. If I fall in with the Albatross, I'll send her up sharp."

"He got up and stretched himself, while I opened a bottle of fizz to drink success to the expedition.

"You'd better go the whole hog and tell the president that you'd take it kindly if they could demonstrate a bit in our favor. That'll set 'em buzzing!"

"All right," I said.

"Then he stood awhile as if hesitating, with his glass in his hand, and I thought he was going to say something special, but he only added as he tossed off the wine:—

"There's nothing else for it; it's got to be done. You may rely on me, Mr. Allansford. Good-bye."

"He put out a not over-clean paw to shake mine, and I'm proud to say I grasped it heartily.

III.

"After watching Scanderson's figure slouching away down the hill, I wrote to the president, thinking it might unduly precipitate matters if I showed myself in the town, where feeling was beginning to run high.

"Dom Miguel sent me an ambiguous answer, but the arrest warrant was not executed."

Allansford paused to light another cigar. Out of the sultry darkness, which had closed by this time, arose a

doleful minor melody, wherein the singer likened his love to the *urpillachay*, the turtle dove. Allansford shouted a remonstrance, and the sound ceased. I could see nothing but the glowing tip of his cigar as he resumed.

"For the next two days, I was in the deuce of a stew; for, though I lay low, side winds brought me disquieting rumors.

"If anything went wrong, of course all the blame of the misunderstanding would fall on my shoulders. I should certainly be reprimanded and possibly recalled—if I lived long enough; and as I'm getting on towards the end of my time out here I wished to avoid that. The bit of marshland that Köpsel had pitched upon was a No Man's Land, which made this blessed little Republic twice as sure it was theirs. In the ordinary course of events I could have arranged the whole business exhaustively over a whiskey and soda; but in this case it was different, because the government were working for a row, and would not be satisfied without one.

"Then I didn't know where it would stop; for once a South American Republic gets the bit between its teeth, there's no saying where it will see fit to pull up short of Judgment Day. There were some scores of English residents scattered about, some with wives and children, and I knew from experience that the first word of war would bring all the cross-breeds about their ears.

"On the afternoon of the third day I got into something clean, reached down my sun hat, and rode round to interview Dom Miguel.

"I was told he was with the ladies, and he left me to cool my heels in the ante-room for a quarter of an hour.

"When he did come along, it was with that stilted hypocritical gait he always adopted when bound on arriving too late to exercise clemency at an execution.

"I greeted him as usual, and he began off-hand about the aggressive spirit manifested by certain foreign powers. The Republic, he assured me,

would not suffer foreign aggression. They might be but a small and feeble state, yet for all that they would on no account forego their natural rights. No nation, however great, should encroach upon these rights, and he felt it to be his duty to his country to adopt a firm attitude.

"Patriotism in a South American president invariably means mischief. I knew he was just going to name names, so I dropped a hint about the Destroyer.

"She has not come yet," he observed pointedly.

"I expect her to-day," I replied, with my heart in my mouth. "From the Terrace we can no doubt see her in the offing."

"A livid hue crept up into Dom Miguel's big blue cheeks.

"Let us see," he said coldly, and preceded me to the Terrace.

"You can bet I hoped Scanderson would be as good as his word, as I walked out after the president.

"You know what the Pacific is like on such a day—as if the light of the universe were focussed to make the glare. Not a shadow anywhere on the blinding blue of sea and sky, the glitter folds round you till you feel that if you flung out your fist you'd shiver the world like a mirror into splinters of glass at your feet.

"I could see nothing at first for the dazzle. Then on the far edge of the sky I perceived a trail of smoke. Presently the Destroyer crawled up out of the horizon like a black slug on the oily roll of the water.

"I pointed to her without a word.

"Dom Miguel just turned and shook me by the hand.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, 'how fortunate!'

"I heartily agreed with him.

"England has ever shown herself the friend and champion of the oppressed," he continued in a burst of enthusiasm. 'As I was saying before we came out, I wish to consult you about the aggressive spirit lately manifested by Germany in this state. I find that a man named Köpsel—' But I

needn't tell you any more. We had a friendly drink together, and that was the last of the war."

"Then Scanderson was successful?" I queried.

"He was. Unwritten history, you know."

"And where's Scanderson?" I asked.

He made no answer, and for a while we listened in the darkness to the thunder of the surf along the bay.

"Never the lotos closes, never the wildfowl wake,

But a soul goes forth on the east wind that died for England's sake."

he quoted. "Who wrote that? There are qualities planted deep down in us which come to the surface and flourish best on the frontiers of the world."

I waited for him to finish.

"At first I thought it was the fortune of war," he resumed at length, "but later I found that Scanderson had put out to sea with four men at the pumps. The Bird wasn't fit to be a penny ferry, let alone meeting the Pacific swell. She went down with all hands off Caraguez."

E. AND H. HERON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CATULLUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

The little roll which doubtless contains nearly every verse Catullus wrote is much briefer even than the volume of Keats. Yet the absolute directness and sincerity of his utterance render him more alive, and nearer to us, than any other voice of Rome. A great part of these verses, or at least of the poems which are general favorites, are inspired by the lawless passion for Lesbia. It is attempted here to string together, upon the slender thread of biography still traceable, a handful of his lyrics which touch other chords than this dominant one. It must indeed be confessed at once that without Lesbia neither the inner nor the outer life of her lover can be adequately discussed. The other sides of Catullus's genius have, however, been certainly thrown

into shadow, while the fickle lady and her sparrow have been too much idealized and immortalized.

This relation with Lesbia had already lost much or its charm, and all its peaceful security, for Catullus, when it was rudely interrupted by his brother's death in the distant Troad. He at once returned from the dissipations of Rome to the desolate home in Verona. To the lonely grave of the beloved brother Catullus later made a pilgrimage and he has left us a memorial expressed in the most tender words, but also in the deepest tones of Epicurean hopelessness of any future reunion. It is indeed, to use a phrase coined by our poet himself, more sad than the teardrops of Simonides.

Traversing many a land and many a sea
For this sad rite, my brother, I am come
To pay the final due of death to thee,

And hail, though all in vain, thy ashes
dumb.

Since Fortune so has snatched thee from
my side,

Who well a kindlier fate hast merited,
With thee at least shall these poor gifts
abide,

Bestowed by ancient custom on the
dead.

Receive them, wet with loving tears, I
pray;

And so farewell, forever and for aye!

The same despair of any future existence was expressed also, with characteristic fearlessness and frankness, even amid Lesbia's uncounted kisses.

The suns that set may yet return;
When our brief candle once doth burn,
Eternal night and sleep are ours.

Perhaps only once does a star shine, or seem to shine, through his cypress-trees. Even then it may be but an experience common to many; for we often proffer in consolation to sorrowing friends the same fond hope which we put away from us unflinchingly in our own time of grief. The little poem is however remarkable for its tender delicacy. It is addressed to his dearest friend and brother-poet. Licinius Calvus, in bereavement. Perhaps for

so brief a flight we may attempt to indicate the original measure.

If there be aught, my Calvus, that out of
our sorrowing proffered

Unto the voiceless dead grateful or welcome may be,

When we revive with insatiate longing
our ancient affection,

When for the ties we lament, broken,
that once have been ours,

Though Quintilia grieve for her own untimely departure,

Yet in thy faithful love greater, be sure,
is her joy.

The one event in Catullus's outward life, after he broke away from Lesbia, which is fully authenticated and may be dated with some confidence, is his brief military experience in Asia Minor. That the visit to his brother's grave was a part of the same journey we can only surmise. He served in Bithynia upon the staff of Memmius, apparently in 57-6 B.C. Of his chief we shall hear him speak in terms of extravagant abuse, his largest grievance avowedly being that Memmius's own rapacity left no opportunity for his staff to enrich themselves at the expense of the hapless provincials. With his brother officers Catullus's relations were friendly and affectionate, if we may judge from the bright verses in which he bids them good-bye.

The milder breath of Spring is nigh;

The stormy equinoctial sky

To Zephyr's gentle breezes yields.

Behind me soon the Phrygian fields,

Nicæa's sun-beat realm, shall lie;

To Asia's famous towns we'll hie.

My heart, that craves to wander free,

Throbs even now expectantly.

With zeal my joyous feet are strong.

Farewell, dear comrades, loved so long!

Afar together did we roam;

Now ways diverse shall lead us home.

Catullus appears to have turned his face for the moment, however, still farther eastward, to board the yacht that was built for him at Amastris near the eastern extremity of the province. This has been questioned by his editors, for the amusing reason (both amusing and irritating, perhaps, to true yachtsmen) that it was out of the direct way

home, and that he could have ordered his new boat to meet him at Nicæa. The poems are not arranged chronologically, and the later ancients tell us almost nothing as to Catullus's life or writings. Such a poem must therefore be interpreted chiefly from itself.

This yacht that you behold, oh strangers, here,
Declares herself of barks the most renowned;
And says, no ship that swam could pass her by,
Whether of oarblades there was need, or sails.
And this the threatening Adriatic's shore
Denies not, nor the isles, the Cyclades,
Illustrious Rhodes, and Thracian Bosporus
Inhospitable, nor the Pontic sea,
Where what is now a yacht was once a wood
With waving crest. For on Cytorus' ridge
Her foliage often spoke with murmurous sounds.
Pontic Amastris by Cytorus' groves,
Thou too, my craft declares, didst know her well;
For in these first beginnings of her life
Upon your lofty height she had her stand,
And, after, in your waters dipt her blades.
Then thro' full many an unruly sea
She brought her master, while the breezes called
From port or starboard; either Jove-sent air
Alike with favor beating on her sail.

No vows unto the gods that guard the strand
Were made, she saith, as from the distant sea
Into this limpid lake at last she came.

That too is over. Now, sequestered here
In peaceful rest she ages, dedicate
To thee, twin Castor, and to Castor's twin.

That this professes to be a dedicatory inscription for the yacht, at the end of her voyage, is sufficiently plain. The limpid lake can only be the Lago di Garda. The long voyage is reviewed backward, as it were, and begins at Amastris. The yacht was doubtless worked up the Po and Mincio rather laboriously, but not necessarily with

Catullus still on board, or dragged overland to the shores of Benacus. To all this very earnest objections have been raised. The yacht, we are assured, could not have been sufficiently useful in the landlocked lake to repay so much trouble and cost. Catullus, it is added, tells us himself that he returned from Bithynia poor, with a purse-full of cobwebs and not a single attendant. Further, Catullus's eastern journey is usually set in 57-6 B.C., his death in 55-4 (though both dates are disputed), and the yacht would not have grown old in two or three years. All these arguments, unless it be the last, are literally true; but when used seriously in this connection they imply a conception of Catullus's character very remote from our own. The conclusion drawn from them is, that Catullus is writing verses upon a vessel not his own at all, brought from Bithynia many years before, perhaps by some unknown friend of the poet's father; or else, that Catullus dedicated only a miniature model of his own real yacht. This substitution reminds one of the little swan used for the distant view of Lohengrin, exchanged presently, behind the scenes, for the larger theatrical bird with which he enters. At what point in our poem the exchange was effected, and what became of the real yacht, no one explains.

There is no doubt about Catullus's poverty. Poor he always was, and must ever have remained, as his character appears in his verse. He belonged to the well-known class of mortals whose needs and expenditures increase about as the square of their prospective resources. Cleopatra must have been poor beyond all hope of escape, for the world hardly contained a pearl costly enough to satisfy her thirst. If Lesbia was Clodia, as we believe she was, Catullus had had an instructor in economy after Cleopatra's own heart.

Let us hear the evidence of the confession of poverty. The poem offers perhaps no hint of a date; certainly it is eternally true to life and youth, and we need not seriously resist its assignment to the year of Catullus's return from

Asia. Our own belief is that it is earlier, and contains a happy allusion to Lesbia.

The days that pass shall be but few,
Fabullus, ere with me you dine,
And richly! Only bring with you
Abundant viands, salt, and wine,
And some bright girl, and jokes no end,
You might go farther and fare worse.
But—for Catullus, your dear friend,
'Tis only cobwebs fill his purse.

I'll give, in turn, a perfume; 'tis
Perfection's self! A boon right well
Bestowed by Loves and Venuses
Upon my girl. When this you smell,
Fabullus, you'll the gods implore
To make you—nose, and nothing more!

Martial indicates that this happy hit was a favorite, in his time, by parodying the first line in a more sincere note of invitation. The next verses in order do indeed belong to the months just after Catullus's arrival in Rome from the East. Their testimony as to his impecunious condition is decisive, if he is accepted as a serious and truthful witness. They may perhaps be entitled "A Morning Call."

Varus,—I was standing in the forum
Idle,—bade me come and greet his mistress;
Saucy baggage, that I saw right quickly,
Not unmannerly indeed, nor witless.

When we came, our desultory gossip
Drifted on,—this question with the others,
How it prospered with me in Bithynia,
If my stay had won me any lucre.

Then I answered, truly, there was nothing

For the staff, nor yet for the commander,
Nor could any one return in clover,
Least of all, who served with such a rowdy
General, caring not a straw for comrades.

"Still," they said, "the thing, which, so
they tell us,

There is native, surely, you provided,—
Litter-bearers?"

Then for fear the lady
Should believe me not a lucky mortal:
"No," I said, "I was not so ill-fated,
Though our province did turn out so badly,
But that I provided eight tall fellows."

Though, in truth, I had, or here or
yonder,
Not a man with strength enough to
shoulder

Even a broken leg from some old bed-
stead!

Then,—just like her!—said the shame-
less creature,

"Prithee, my Catullus, for the moment
Lend them me, that to Serapis' temple
I may ride."

"Nay, not so fast!" I an-
swered.

"When I said just now 'twas I who kept
them,

'Twas a slip. They're owned by my com-
panion,

Gaius Cinna; he it was secured them.
But if his they be, or mine, what matters?
Mine to use they are, as if I bought them.
You are really stupid tho', and tiresome,
Who would not allow me to be careless!"

Before the last couplet the blushing
and stammering poet perhaps looks up,
to find them laughing at the success of
what was only a trap for his vanity
from the first.

There is a slight allusion to Bithynia
also in the famous poem "Home to
Sirmio," which enables us to assign it
to this period.

Sirmio, pearl of all the capes and isles
That in pellucid lake or savage sea
Neptune in either guise uplifts, how glad
I seek thee, scarce believing I have left
Bithynia's fields, and safely gaze on thee!

What is more blest, than when, released
from toil,

The heart lays off her burden, and, out-
worn

With alien labor, to our own hearthstone
We come, and slumber on the longed-for
couch?

This is enough reward for all our toils.

Hail, gracious Sirmio, in thy lord be
glad!

Rejoice, ye billows of the Lydian lake!
Laugh, all ye happy things that here find
home!

The notion of a twofold Neptune pre-
siding over salt and fresh water, and
the rather remote allusion to a supposed
Lydian origin of the Etrurians (who
once extended over Lombardy) are per-
haps examples of the harmless poet-lore
which won for Catullus the drolly
inappropriate epithet of *doctus poeta*, the
learned poet.

One poetical gain from this brief
Oriental campaign was a livelier feel-
ing for nature, particularly for the

wilder scenery of the East. In "Atys," a picture of the frantic worship of Cybele, the poet reflects the influence upon his imagination of Ida's pine-clad heights and gloomy chasms. They still have lifelong power over the hearts of men once subjected to their awful spell. But upon the whole Catullus rarely gives us glimpses of much save the passionate heart of youth itself. There were two strong chords in the music of his soul, love and hate; others he rarely makes serious effort to awaken.

I hate, and love. Why it is so
You ask, perchance, in turn of me.
This simple truth is all I know;
And, that I'm racked with agony.

As a lover Catullus was racked with the most ignoble of passions, jealousy; but as a poet he seems to have been above such a weakness. Perhaps we cannot more pleasantly illustrate this truth than by attempting to echo the affectionate missive addressed to his friend Calvus, whose name has been so inseparably linked with his by Ovid in the lament for Tibullus. After a day spent with Calvus in improvising poetry, Catullus tosses sleepless upon his bed, and finally composes some verses which he sends as a challenge, confident that his friend will be more than able to respond. It is not in the least repining, but delight at that friend's powers, which fills the little missive to the brim. Verses so tender and loyal a youthful Lowell might have left at Longfellow's gate; for neither has Catullus found "sleep less sweet," but only unattainable, because of the "music in some neighboring street." And again we are faintly reminded of Goethe's verses:—

Who never ate in tears his bread,
Who never through the midnight hours
Sobbing has sate upon his bed,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly
Powers!

In Catullus's tone there is a peculiar tenderness and sincerity, doubtless lost, with so much else, in the process of translation.

We with my tablets yesterday,
Licinius, whiled the hours away.
Agreed that love our theme shall be,
We scribble verses. Sportively
This metre now, now that, we test,
And then exchange, with wine and jest.

Excited by your wit and grace,
Licinius, so, I left the place,
That food consoled me not, distressed,
Nor slumber closed my eyes to rest.
I tossed and turned throughout the night,
Eager to see the dawning light,
That I once more with you might be,
And speak, and hear you answer me.

Exhausted with that toil, half-dead,
Lying outstretched upon my bed,
I've made for you, dear friend, this strain
Wherein you can't but see my pain.
Be not obdurate; hear my cry;
Flout me not, apple of my eye;
Provoke not dreadful Nemesis;
An unrelenting god she is,
And will exact her penalties.

Through the light tones of this and many another poem of Catullus is to be heard, also, an appealing cry for that close sympathy which is so often a necessity to richly endowed and sensitive natures. This cry becomes more and more dominant in the little group of brief poems usually supposed to mark the rapid decline of Catullus's health. Perhaps the most typical is the brief letter to Cornificius, from which a line has already been cited.

With your Catullus ill it fares, alas!
Oh Cornificius, and most wearily;
Still worse with all the days and hours
that pass.
And with what greeting do you comfort
me?
The least of boons, and easiest to bestow:
Wroth am I, that my love is answered
so.
A word of greeting, pray you; what you
please;
More sad then teardrops of Simonides!

Among the brief and slight occasional poems which contribute so much to Catullus's fame, many take the form of letters to intimate friends, and were doubtless actually despatched to them. There is almost always a girl in question, and congratulation, or consolation,

over some more or less successful affair
is asked and granted again and again.

And so, whate'er your flame may be
Of good or evil, tell it me;
Your love and you to Heaven on high
In dainty verse I'll glorify.

This whole group of eternally young
poets seem to have been truly Italian
in the freedom of their self-utterance.
That the deepest feeling may be mute
is conceded:—

Yet seal your lips, for so you may,
If Love sincere has passed your way.

But we may venture to doubt if
Catullus himself, at any rate, ever set
a seal upon his own lips.

The verses addressed to Cicero are
often included among the poems of
friendship. But Cicero thrice, in as
many different works, intimates his
disapproval of this youthful school, the
imitators of Alexandrian finish and
over-refinement, while his silence else-
where is still more eloquent. The
father of that Licinius Calvus who is
so often addressed in tenderest affec-
tion by Catullus had been impeached
and convicted by Cicero in 66 B.C.,
escaping attainder only by prompt
suicide. So in the years of their youth
Catullus's bosom-friend may well have
regarded the great pleader as almost
his parent's assassin. Surely Cicero's
abject submission to the Triumvirs
must have appeared doubly contempti-
ble to Catullus's fearless and audacious
nature. Altogether, the likelihood of
cordial relations between the vain and
pompous statesman of fifty and the
irreverent, dissolute youth of genius, is
very slight. The overheaped superla-
tives in these lines are only the most
obvious marks of extravagance. By
the refrain, *Quot sunt quotque fuere*, the
verses have been linked inseparably to
two of the bitterest and coarsest among
our poet's lampoons. The version here
repeated has been accused, no doubt
justly, of taking its color from this view
of the original.

Most eloquent, Marcus Tullius,
Art thou of the sons of Romulus,
LIVING AGE. VOL. XIII. 658

Of all who lived in ages gone,
Or shall until the years are done!
Catullus thanks thee heartily,
The wretchedest of poets he;
As much of poets wretchedest
As thou'rt of all men patron best.

Perhaps on the day when this refrain
was first sung in the streets of the
capital, every Roman gentleman knew
what the favor was for which our
singer so warmly uttered his thanks.
An allusion or quotation in a speech
seems most probable. *Pessimus poeta*
may be the orator's very words, flung
fearlessly back at him. The ambiguous
position of *omnium in optimus omnium*
patronus may be intentional. The sup-
ple-tongued advocate, who at Cæsar's
bidding had defended his own bitterest
personal enemies, deserved the keenest
edge of sarcasm which these verses can
be made to take.

The condition of the poems as a whole
indicates that they can hardly have
been collected in the author's lifetime,
and that they never received proper
editorial care. Still, the first poem in
the present arrangement is a dedication
for a little volume of verse; perhaps the
first score or two of poems in the pres-
ent collection. It is addressed to an
older friend, evidently the historian
Nepos. Characteristic of the poet is the
mocking sigh, not to be suppressed even
on this state occasion, over the ponder-
ous tomes of Nepos's own work. The
murmured prayer with which the ded-
ication closes is perhaps not really less
confident than Ovid's or Horace's loud
exultation over the deathless monument
he has bullded in verse. Though this
has been printed elsewhere, our version
may be set here as a closing quotation.

This dainty little book and new,
Just polished with the pumice, who
Shall now receive?—Cornelius, you;

For these my trifles even then
You counted of some value, when
You, only of Italian men,

Into three tomes had dared to cast
The story of all ages past,—
Learned, O Jupiter, and vast!

So take it, prize it as you may.
And, gracious Virgin, this I pray;
That it shall live beyond our day!

This modest wish has certainly been more than fulfilled. We only repeat the universal judgment when we call Catullus the clearest lyric voice, the one absolutely original poet, of Rome. It has been well said of him that he illustrates better than any other, save perhaps Keats, what youth can accomplish,—and what it cannot.

It is not uninteresting to note that almost the first modern student and admirer of Catullus was himself an Italian poet, who wooed fame in Latin epics long since forgotten, and won her by the canzones and sonnets to Laura in the vulgar tongue which he himself affected to disdain. It is a lesson which each generation must learn afresh, how little survives, or deserves to survive, save the direct and unadorned expression of genuine feeling. While this is largely true of all art, the undying fame of Catullus's songs may well illustrate how peculiarly it applies to the lyric poet.

No fine wrought fancies, deep-delved
thoughts he brings.

The harp of life has few and simple
strings,

And every one has rung a thousand
times

To the firm touch of masters new and
old.

Man's heart is one, though speech be manifold.

Love, hope, and sorrow, tarob in all
their rhymes.

Of Catullus's death, we know only that he ended his days not in Verona, nor on Sirmio, nor even in the Sabine villa to which he makes affectionate allusion, but at Rome. Was this a mere chance, or did Lesbia, after all, lure her young lover back to the scenes of earlier happiness and misery; or again, did he seek in the wild whirl of Roman life a nepenthe which calmer scenes failed to offer? We shall doubtless never know. There is a certain fitness, surely, in the coincidence, that the Eternal City holds whatever may remain of Catullus's mortal form, as well as the dust of

Keats and the heart of Shelley. It is perhaps already true that the wretched story of Shelley's early marriage is fading from our memory; his loyal tribute to Adonais is, it may be, even now the first among his poems of human affection that recurs to our minds. So, it may not be too much to hope that Catullus, the broken-hearted lover of Lesbia, may yet be forgotten in Catullus the comrade of Calvus, the most generous of artists and loyal of friends.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LAND OF SUSPENSE.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

I.

The young man set out upon his walk at the entrance of a broad valley, through which there was visible here and there the glimmer of a great river. It was broken in outline by many little hills, such as one sees in the loveliest part of Italy, each crowned by its little groups of habitations, in varied and delightful inequalities of height and form, which seemed to throw a radiance of life and living over the beautiful green slopes, fields, and trees in which these points of light and peace were set. Lines of blue hills receding towards the distant peaks, which were great enough to be called mountains, stretched in noble ridges on either side; and the landscape was one which filled the traveller with a sense of beauty and satisfaction, while drawing his mind and his steps on by a hundred suggestions of fairer things still unrevealed. And the morning was fresh and sweet, beyond even that "innocent brightness of the newborn day," of which few can resist the charm. The sky was flooded with the early sunshine. The valley glowed under it with the dew still undried upon the grass, much of which was half buried in flowers, and soft with the whiteness of the daisies rejoicing in the light. The young man had come over the pass between the hills when this prospect bursting upon him for a moment took away his breath

—but it was only for a moment. He paused to gaze upon the road before him, and then with a delightful consciousness that his walk would bring him into fuller possession of this new world unknown to him, he set out upon his way.

The curious thing was, that he did not know where he was going, nor what place this was, nor the direction in which it would lead him, though all the while he walked quickly on with the sure and certain steps of a man familiar with every turn of the path. For some time he went on, unconscious of this, or at least without thinking of it in the ease of his being. He had always been fond of walking, and there was a pleasure in the mere sense of movement, after some recent absence from that delight—absence and confinement which he was aware of, though he could not render to himself any reason for it. He was in full career, feeling as if his foot just touched and no more the path which was not then a highroad but a winding path across the slopes, upon which the flowery fields encroached—when it first occurred to him hazily with a happy sense of amusement that he did not in the least know where he was going. No matter—he was going as if he very well knew where; and there came into his mind a scrap of lovely verse, about “a spirit in my feet,” and he began to sing it to himself as he went on. Certainly there was a spirit in his feet that knew better where he was going than he.

Thus he went, without pause or weariness, for a long way,—so long, that at last he began to wonder how it was that the daylight did not change, that there was no difference in the skies to correspond with the hours which he must have been walking. In himself he was like the day, unchanged, without the faintest suggestion of fatigue; and it was only by the long vista behind him, and the distance of the hills from which he had come, that he felt how long a time he had been afoot. When this thought occurred to him he sat down upon the low embankment which marked the line of the wood, for he had

by this time reached the highway—to rest, as he said to himself, though he felt no need of rest—really to measure with his eyes the length of the valley before him, which went widening away into the blue recesses of distant hills, so that you could trace no end to it. The highroad led along the side of the river at this point, through groups of beautiful trees; and at some distance on the other side there was planted a great town spreading far back into the valley, which seemed, from the inequalities of its buildings, to be built on innumerable little hills, and shone white under the sunshine with many towers and spires, in great stateliness and beauty. It was here for the first time that the traveller saw any concourse of people. Upon the slopes he had met but few, mostly solitary individuals, with here and there a group of friends. They were a people of genial countenance, smiling, and with friendly looks; but it surprised and a little wounded him that they took no notice of him, did not give him so much as a good-morning—nay, even pushed him off the path, though without the least appearance of any unkindly feeling. As he sat upon the roadside and watched the people of this unknown land coming and going across the bridge from the town, his heart was moved within him by the sight of so many fellow-creatures, all, as it seemed, so gay, so kind, so friendly, but without a sign or look as if they recognized his existence at all. It seemed to him a long time since he had exchanged a word with any one, and a great sense of loneliness took possession of him. He had not felt this upon the little-frequented paths from which he had come; but here, among so many, to receive not even a look from any passer-by seemed to him an injury and a disappointment which it was hard to bear.

He reflected, however, that in the country from which he came such a thing might easily have happened with a wandering foreigner resting upon the roadside, whom nobody knew; yet he was scarcely comforted by this thought, for he felt sure that at least such a

stranger would have been looked at, if no more—would have met the questioning of many eyes, some with perhaps a smile in them, and all curious to know what he did there. Even curiosity would have been something; it would have been kinder than to ignore him completely as these people were doing; yet there was nothing in their look to make him believe that they were unfeeling or discourteous. After a while he felt that he could bear this estrangement from his kind no longer, and getting up on his feet, he said "Good-morning" to a group that were passing, feeling in himself that there was a wistfulness, almost an entreaty in his tone. He saw that they were startled by his address, and looked round first, as if to see where his voice came from—yet in a moment answered, with what seemed almost an outcry of response and greeting, saying "Good-morning," and "God bless you!" eagerly. Then one made himself the spokesman of a group, and advanced a step towards him, yet still with an uncertainty, and eyes that did not exactly meet his, but wavered as if unable to fix his face. "Are you going to our town?" he said; "can any of us be of use to you?" and there was a murmur among all as of assent, "any of us," as if to press help upon him if he needed it: but he required no help—it was only recognition that he wanted, a kind word. "No," he said; "I am going *there*," and he pointed towards the farther end of the valley. A number had gathered round him, all looking at him with great kindness, but with the same uncertainty of gaze, all eagerly bending toward him to hear what he said. Their looks warmed his heart, yet a little repelled him too, as if there was something between him and them which made it better to go on, and try no further communication. "I am going *there*," he repeated, moving a step onward; and immediately they all spoke together in a wonderful accord of voices, saying, "God be with you! God save you! God bless you!" some of them so much in earnest that there seemed to him to be tears in their eyes. There was something in these words

which seemed to urge him on, and he resumed his journey, passing through, and looking back upon them, and waving his hand to them in sign of farewell. And they all stood looking after him, calling after him "God bless you!" and "God save you!" until the sense of distance from them melted away, and his whole being seemed warmed with their kind looks and good wishes. He could hear them, too, all talking together and saying, "It is one of the travellers," to which the others answered again, "God save him!" as if it was the greeting of that country to all that went through.

Thus he went on again, always keeping his course towards the western end of the valley, and pleased with this encounter, even though there was that something in it which startled him, as he seemed to have startled them. Looking across the river at the city, with all its white terraces shining in the sun, and its high towers and pinnacles against the sky, and the river at its feet reflecting every point and shining height, as if it were another city at the feet of the true town, he thought he had never seen so beautiful a place; but what town it was or who the people were who dwelt there he knew not. All he knew was that they were his fellows, that they had bidden God bless him, that they wished him well; and this gave him great refreshment as he went on, feeling no fatigue, but now more than ever wondering that though he did not know where he was going, he was yet going on straight and swift as if he were sure of the way. For a little time the road ran by the river, but then parted from its winding course, and presently broke into several ways, where a stranger in that place might so easily have lost himself, not knowing which to take. But he found no difficulty, nor even paused to choose his way, going lightly on without any hesitation, as one who knew exactly how the bearings lay.

By this time the sun was lower in the heavens, and a sweet look of evening had come over the sky—the look which suggests home-going, and that labors of

all kinds and travel should be drawing to some end of rest and ease. And since the pause he had made on his journey, short as it was, and his second setting forth, there had stolen into his mind a wonderful sense that he was going, not upon an excursion into an unknown world, but home. The sensation was one that he did not know how to explain to himself, for he knew that it was not the home from which he had come, nor any accustomed place. And he did not know where it was, nor what he might find there; but the impression grew upon him more and more strongly as he went on. And many thoughts came with this thought. He did not think of the home from which he had come. It appeared to him as something far, far away, and different from all that he saw or that surrounded him now. But the thought that he was going home, though not there, brought a seriousness into his thoughts which he had not been conscious of when he set forth first in the morning, in all the enthusiasm of the beautiful unknown place into which he marched forward so confident and full of cheer.

He became more serious now. Vaguely there came into his mind a recollection that his former goings home had not been always happy. There had been certain things in which he was to blame. He could not have said what things, nor how this was, his consciousness and memory being a little blurred, as if something had come between him and the former things which had moved his life; but yet he was vaguely aware that he had been to blame. And his mind filled with all manner of resolutions and thoughts of a goodness to come, which should be perfect as the face of nature, and the purity of the air and the sky. He said to himself that never again—never again! though his recollection failed him when he tried to make clear to himself what it was which should never again be. It was vague to him, leaving only a sense that all had not been as this was about to be; but yet the fervor of his conviction of the better things to come was as intense as if he had per-

fectly conceived what there was to be done, and what there had been. Never again, never again!—no more as of old; but all perfect and spotless in the new. These resolutions distilled into his mind like dew, they shed themselves through his being like some delightful balm, refreshing him as though his heart had grown dry, but now was filled with calm and a quiet happiness of hoping and anticipation, though he did not know what he anticipated any more than what it was which had made a shadow in the past.

In this mood he began again to ascend a little upon a path which broke off from the highway towards one of the little towns or villages raised above the level of the valley, with towers and trees mingling on the little height, which made him think of an old Tuscan picture. He went towards it, with an eagerness rising within him and a confidence that it was here that his destination was. All the day long he knew that he had been travelling to this spot, and recognized it though he knew it not. He went on unhesitating, gradually making out the ranges of building, which were of beautiful architecture, though in a style unknown to him, with graceful pinnacles rising as light as foam against the sky, and open arcades and halls, cool and bright, where every door stood open, and he could see sheer above him as he mounted the winding way the groups of men and women in the houses, and many faces at the windows looking out, as if on the watch for some one who was coming. Were any of them looking out for him he wondered to himself? without any sense that it was unlikely there should be watchers looking for him in a place where he had never been before, in an unknown country which was strange to all his previous knowledge.

But no restraining consciousness like this was on him as he hastened up the steep way, and suddenly turning round the corner of the wall, which was wreathed with blossoming plants in a glow of color and fragrance, came in sight of the wide and noble gateway

all open, with its pillars glowing in the westering light, and no sign of bolt or bar or other hindrance to shut out any wayfarer. In front of it stood a group of figures, which seemed to be on the watch for some one. Did they expect some prince or lordly visitor? were they the warders of the gate? They stood two and two, beautiful in the first glow of youth, their fair, tall, elastic forms clothed in white, with the faint difference which at that lovely age is all that seems to exist between the maiden and the youth. They were like each other as brothers might be, and the traveller felt suddenly with a strange bound of his heart that he knew these faces, though not whom they belonged to, nor who they were. They were as the faces of others whom he had known in the land that was so far off behind him; and all at once he knew that they were looking for no prince or potentate but for himself, all strange as he was, unacquainted with this place, and with all that was here.

They stood looking far along the valley from that height, and asking each other, "Do you see him? do you see him?" but they did not seem to be aware that he was there, standing close to them, looking at them with eager eyes. He stood silent for a moment, thinking they must perceive him, yet wondering how they would know him, having never seen him before; but soon became impatient and troubled by that pause, and, vexed to be overlooked, said suddenly, "I am here—if perhaps you are looking for me."

They were startled, and turned their faces towards him, but with that strange wistful look as if they saw him not which he had remarked in the people whom he met by the bridge—and then they came hastily forward and surrounded him as if with an angelic guard, and he saw with a strange tremor that tears had come into their eyes. "Oh our brother!" said one, in a voice so full of pity that it seemed to him that he pitied himself, though he knew not why, in sympathy. And "Speak," said the others, "speak, that we may know you." While, "Oh my brother," cried

the first again, "It is not thus we hoped to see you." This voice seemed to pierce into his inmost heart, and sadness came over him as if his hope had fallen away from him, and this after all was not his home.

"This is who I am," he said; and he told them his name, and that he had come from afar off, and had come straight here without a pause, thinking that this was his home.

They surrounded him closely, as closely as if they would embrace him, and said to him, but with tears, one speaking with another, "It is your home; and we are your brothers and your sisters, and we have known you were coming, but hoped that you would come otherwise. But we love you not the less, oh our brother, our brother! we love you none the less—God save you! God bless you! There is no one here that does not love you and bless you and pray for you. Dear brother, son of our mother! would to God you had but come to us in other wise."

"I cannot tell what you mean," he said, with a trembling coming over him. "If I am your brother, why do you not take me in? I have travelled far to-day, from the very opening of the valley, and never paused—always thinking that there was home at the end—and now you stand between me and the door, and weep, and will not let me in."

"Brother," they said all together, "brother!" It seemed as if in that word lay all sweetness and consolation and pity and love. The circle seemed to open round him, leaving the great wide doorway full of the low sunshine from the west clear before him, and some one came out and stood upon the threshold and stretched out his hands, calling to him, "My son, my son!"

It seemed to the young man that it wanted but a few steps to carry him to the arms of this man who called to him, and to whom his heart went out as if it would burst from his breast. But he that had walked so lightly all day long and felt no weariness, found himself now as one paralyzed, incapable of another step. He stood and gazed pitiously at the wide open gate, and him

who stood there, and knew that this was the place to which he had been travelling, and the home he desired, and the father that he loved. But he could not make another step. His feet seemed rooted to the ground. There came from him a great outburst of tears and anguish, and he cried to them, "Tell me, tell me!—why is it I cannot go?"

The white figures gathered all round him again, as if they would have taken him in their arms, and the first of them spoke, weeping, putting out her hands: "Brother," she said, "those that come here, those that come home, must first be clothed with the building of God, the house not made with hands; those who are unclothed, as you are, alas! they cannot come in. Brother, we have no power, and you have no power. The doors are open, and the hearts are open, and would to God you could come in; but oh, my brother! what can I say? It is not for us to speak; you know—"

"I know," he said, and stood still among them silent, his heart hushed in his bosom, his head bowed down with trouble, hearing them weeping round him, and well aware that he could not go up, not had he the strength of a giant. He stood awhile, and then he said, "My home was never closed to me before; never have I failed of entrance there and welcome, and my mother's light always burning to guide me. She would have torn me from these stones, and brought me in had she been here. Never, never, was there a question—And yet," he cried wildly, "you called that earth, and this you call heaven!" This he cried, not knowing what he said; for never before had there been any thought in his mind what the name of this country was.

Then his sister called him by his name, and the sound of his name half consoled him, and half made the contrast more bitter, reminding him of that place from whence he came, where his was the innermost seat and the best welcome, while here he was kept outside. "Do not be so sore discouraged," she said, "for one day you will come and enter at the gate with joy, and nothing

will be withheld from you; and we will go to the Great Father and plead with him, that it may be soon, and then your spirit will be no longer unclothed, and all will be well."

"Unclothed!" he cried; "I know not what you mean," and he turned from them, pushing them from him, and hurried down the winding way which he had ascended with so light a heart. There were still the faces at the windows looking out; but though he would not look at them, he saw that they were troubled, and many voices sounded out upon the sweet air, calling to him, "God save you! God bless you!" over and over again, till the whole world seemed full of the sound. But he took no heed of it as he fled along the way in indignation and bitter disappointment, saying to himself, "And that was called earth, and this they say is heaven."

II.

At the foot of the hill was a wood encircling its base, with many winding paths going through, and yet here and there masses of shadow from the trees, in which a man might hide himself from every eye, and even from the shining of the daylight, which seemed to the young man in all the glory of the sunset to mock him as he fled away from the place which was his home. It was the dimness and the shadow that attracted him now, and not the glory of the western sky or the dazzling of the light. In the very heart of the wood, kept by a circle of great trees standing all around like a bodyguard, there was a little opening—a grassy bank like velvet, all soft with mosses, with little woodland blossoms creeping over the soil, and all the woodland scents and fragrance and sound and silence, far from any sound or sight of men. The young man pushed through the copses and between the great boles of the trees, and flung himself upon the cool and soft and fragrant bank; he flung himself upon his face and hid it there, with a longing to be rid even of himself and his consciousness in that soft and sheltering shade; but all the while knowing, as he had often discovered before, that how-

ever you might cover your eyes, and even burrow in the earth, you could not escape from that most intimate companion, nor shut your ears to his reasonings or his upbraidings. Elsewhere, when one of those moments came, and himself confronted and seized himself, there had always been those at hand who helped him out of this encounter. The crowd, or the tumult and conflict of living, or pleasure, or pain, or some other creature, had stolen in and stopped that conflict. But now was the hour in which there was nothing to intervene.

And at first what was in his mind was nothing but bitter disappointment and rage and shame. He, whose coming back had always been with joy, even when it came with tears, before whom every door had been thrown open, and whom all about him had thanked with wistful looks for coming home; but now he was shut out. This was too great an event, too unlooked for, to permit any other thought beside it. He remembered himself of all the dear stories of his youth, of him whom his father saw afar off and rushed to meet him, not waiting for the confession that was on his lips. And that was how hitherto it had happened to him; and here, where he now was, was not this the most mercifullest place of all, where everything was love and forgiveness? He said this to himself, not knowing anything, though he had seized upon the name of heaven in his first horror of wonder and upbraiding, to point the be-walling and reproach. For a long time he lay with his hot brow pressed against those soft couches of moss, closing out with his hands the light from his eyes, in a despair and anguish unspeakable—asking himself why he had come here at all, to be rejected and shut out? Why, why had he not taken another path he wot of, and plunged, and gone— Where? where? He caught his sobbing breath, that burst from his bosom like a child's, in heavings and sore reiterations of distress. Where? where? There would have been welcome in that place; and bands of jovial companions, and noise, and shoutings. Where? he did not know where.

But at last this convulsion and passion softened away, and he raised his head and looked himself in the face. Ah, was not this what I said, I said! Was not this what we thought upon many a morning, to forget it ere the night? Was not this what we knew, you and I? but you would not listen or hear. When we saw the mother's light in the window, when the door was thrown open, wide open, did not we know that the time would come— This was what his other self said in his ear. He leaned his head upon his hands and looked out in the sweetness of the darkening shade, with fixed eyes that saw nothing except the past, which gripped his heart and stayed his breath and came back upon him in dreadful waves of recollection and consciousness. He saw scenes which he had scorned when he was in them, and loathed, and gone back to, and wallowed, foaming—always with rage and shame of himself. And they had cost him already his other life, and pangs innumerable; the price which he had paid for nought, hard blood-money for that which was no bread—which he had known to be no bread even while he consumed it—the husks which the swine did eat. That was how the other man had named it, the man whom his father ran to meet and fell on his neck—but not here. There had been to himself also those who fell upon his neck and forgave him before he said a word—but not here.

This was not how he had felt when he set out this morning upon the beautiful way in the sunshine. He had been sure then that all was well; every evil thought had departed out of his mind; his heart was tender and soft, loving God and man, and the thought of a life in which there should be no reproach, no shadow, no evil, had been sweet to him as is the exquisite relief that comes after pain. He remembered how he had sung songs as he walked, in the ease of his heart. And now! Shut out, a homeless wanderer, unclothed; what was that she said? unclothed; he did not know what she meant; but the rest which he did know was enough—enough and more than enough; he was aban-

doned, forsaken, the door shut upon him—worse than that, open, but he unable to enter; left to himself to spend the night in the wood—or anywhere, who cared?—though he himself was blameless now, having done nothing to deserve this doom, having felt his heart so soft and a tenderness which was more than innocence, a longing for every good in his heart. Oh the other life which he had left! the homely house, the quiet room, the face all smiling weeping, at the door!

"And that they called earth; and this they say is heaven."

He said this aloud, unawares—and suddenly he was answered by another voice which seemed to be near him, the voice of another man standing somewhere close by, which said, "No, you are mistaken; this is not heaven."

The young man raised his head and looked round him; and the hair rose up upon his head, and a thrill of shrinking and terror went over him, for he saw no one. He looked round him, drawing back against the tree which crowned the bank, and clutching at it in his alarm; he was no coward, but where is the man who can be suddenly accosted by a voice while seeing no one, and not be afraid? "I must have dreamed I heard it," he said to himself; but rose up with an impulse of agitation to leave the place in which such delusions could be.

Then he heard the voice again, but this time lower down, and now close to him, as if a man had suddenly sat down beside him upon the bank. "Are you so new?" it said, with a half laugh. "Have you not discovered that you too are invisible, like me?"

"Invisible!" The young man's voice shook with fear and wonder, wavering as if blown out by the wind, though there was no wind.

"Be consoled," said the other; "it is no bad life; there is no fire nor brimstone here; and there is hope for those who love hope. Let us talk; it wiles the hours away."

While the other spoke, the young man, with a trembling in every limb, held up his hands into the air, and

gazed with his eyes, first at one and then at the other—at the places where he felt them, where they ought to be. He felt every nerve thrill and every finger tremble and shake, but he saw nothing. Awe and terror seized upon him. He rushed from the bank, which sloped under his feet and made him look to his footing, and flung himself against the trunk of one of the great trees. He felt the touch of it, the roughness of the bark, the projection of the twigs here and there; but at the same time he saw it clear, standing with its feet deep in the fern and undergrowth, and no human body against it—this while he felt still the thrill and shock with which he came in contact with that great substantial thing. And he uttered a great cry. "I am then no more a man!" in a voice which rang shrill with horror and misery and dismay.

"Yes," said the other, "you are still a man. And be consoled. In some things it is better than the old life. You have no wants and no weariness, likewise no work, no responsibility. Be consoled. The discovery is painful, for a moment, but you will find companions enough. What has happened to you is no more than has happened to many other men: and we have great freedom, and society at our pleasure. There is a future before us, though it may be thousands of years away."

"A future?" cried the young man; "nay, let me die and be done with it. What manner of man are you that can look calmly on a future like this? My God, to live and live and be nothing, as I am now!"

"I am," said the other, "just such a manner of man as you will be to-morrow. It is a shock when you discover it first—but what then? Life is but thought. There is a great prejudice in favor of a visible body, at all events in the race from which we come. But you will perceive how little in reality it matters when you realize how many things you can do and enjoy, even with that deprivation. You might never have found it out, or not for a long time, but for my friendly aid—for it

is friendly, I assure you. It breaks the illusion. You will no longer expect from those others that which they have not to give. Sit down by me, and cease measuring yourself against that tree. The tree is solid, but not you—yet there are many consolations. Sit down again, and let us talk."

The young man stood pressing himself against the tree, his forehead against the roughness of the bark which dented the soft flesh, his arms stretched round it, not long enough to span its girth, but pricked by the little growths which incrustated it. He clung to the great trunk as if it gave him a hold upon something tangible, the only thing that remained to him. They had not seen him, then, these fair creatures, at the gate. That which they heard, that which they addressed, was only a voice. Nobody had seen him along the way. Those who said "God save you" had meant something which he did not yet understand. There was reason for the pity in their eyes and the tears which he had seen them shed. He had seen them, but not they him. He was no man, but only a voice. The horror grew into an awe which quenched the cries with which his heart was bursting. He without a faculty impaired, hearing everything, seeing everything, feeling with such intensity as he had never felt before! Yet he was now no man, but a voice. The calamity was so great and so unlooked for, that his very voice, the thing he now was, seemed to die in his throat, and his heart in his breast; though all the time he felt his heart beating, bounding, as never in moments of the greatest emotion it had done before, and the blood coursing like a great flood through the veins that were not, and from head to foot of that human frame which existed no longer. Oh terrible doom! oh awful day!

"Come and sit by me, and let us talk," said the other voice.

And then there came a melting and a softening over this forlorn soul. If he was thus forever banished from common sight—if he was, indeed, ex-

iled from home and every tender fellowship, a thing that no man or woman could ever take by the hand again—still to hear another voice was something in this awful mystery of anguish. He loosed himself from his tree, but kissed its rough bark with a kind of passion as he drew himself away. His finger had caught a sharp twig, and it hurt him; his brow was marked, he could feel it, with the scales of the bark. This gave him a little comfort in his desolation. And then there was still the voice. He came back and threw himself upon the flowery bank, which sent forth its wild fragrance suddenly as he pressed it, as it might have done if— This also gave him a little consolation, as if it were a verification of the being which he felt in every pulse and every limb.

"You were saying," said the other, "that this was called heaven."

"Ah, no!" said the young man with a voice of despair. "I see my mistake. It is rather—"

"Do not make any more mistakes," said the other, quickly. "It is neither one nor the other. It is the land of Suspense, where we all are until a day which no one knows—a visionary day which, perhaps, may never come, seeing it has been threatened and delayed for all the ages. Ah! you cannot imagine the worlds-full there are of us! and some of the great Romans tell you that the tradition was in their time as now."

"The Day of Judgment!" said the young man, very low.

"Well! that is what they say. But in the mean time, not to discourage you, it is better here than life was before. There are few pleasures—those things that one despised one's self for enjoying, when time was. But the mind is free—and there are a thousand things to learn. And there is society everywhere. We are here in multitudes. There are almost more of us, I believe, than of—those others."

"Those others!" repeated the young man—he looked up where through the thick foliage there was a glimpse of the towers and roof-trees of that home

which he could not enter. His companion spoke as if they were enemies; but his own spirit rebelled against that thought.

"The good people," said the voice, as with a sneer. "What made them to differ, do you ask? Oh, they made their preparations. While we led *joyeuse vie* and had no thought for tomorrow, they took their measures. I am not sure that those who have passed by the Temple in the wood have the best of it even now; but at least we have not much to complain of. There is no suffering; we are left to ourselves; we go where we will, and have great facilities; and, as I tell you, the best of company. Only make up your mind to the one loss, and we have really much to congratulate ourselves upon."

The young man made no reply; he began to hate this voice, with its evenness of speech, the calm and the encouragement of its tone. He had known men who spoke so, who were content to live, though life had no hope, with a sneer at those who were other than they. And though a moment ago he had been almost glad to turn to another being deprived and naked like himself, he felt now that if he were but alone, it would be more easy to bear. The Voice went on talking to him with the pleasure of one who has found a new hearer. And sometimes he listened, and sometimes heard it as though he heard it not. Sometimes even it caught him with an ingenious word and made him laugh; but then his mind would stiffen into silence, and the horror and gloom swept over him again like the dark waves over a wreck at sea.

From *La Espana Moderna*.
POLITICAL IDEALS AND REALITIES IN
SPAIN.

No one is qualified to give an opinion as to the proper development of a society who is ignorant of the constitution, or of the history of that society,

or who does not care to know how long it has been in existence nor how far its influence has extended, as a creator of traditions and customs, which even the most just and progressive laws ought to consider.

We are not indulging in airy conceptions, like those ideas generated in the recesses of our own brain and expanded in the depths of our being without correlation of any sort with the exterior world, or with the powerful laws that govern it. Such a subjective method can only apply to psychology, not to politics.

Our Spanish society to-day is in a state of revolution more or less latent, more or less profound, more or less continuous, like that of almost all other European countries—and has been since the end of the last century, when the city of Madrid deposed its king, Carlos III., and broke the harmony, which, in former times, had so long existed between monarch and people.

Although, owing to the political acumen of Aranda and the yielding disposition of King Carlos the discord soon terminated, concluded by a secret compact, it cannot be denied that there is a decided analogy between events like the celebrated riot of Esquilache, for example, which paved the way for the Spanish revolution, and the famous events at Versailles at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., which were the prelude to the French revolution. As this last revolution began in the time of Louis XV., with instigators like Voltaire and Rousseau, so the Spanish revolution began in the time of Carlos III. with the Encyclopedists, Royalists, and Economists, who, little by little, sent into the society of the Absolutists and inquisitors, their luminous and revivifying rays.

Carlos and Maria Louisa rendered the political evils of their time still more intolerable, and therefore promoted revolutionary ideas in just the manner of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in France.

To constant aggravations of this kind we owe the uprising of the people

at Aranjuez, before whose demands Carlos IV. abdicated—an uprising similar to that which swept the French monarch from his palace at Versailles to the captivity of the Tuilleries, from the Tuilleries to the constitutional congress, and from there to the dungeons of the temple, from the temple to the guillotine. Our revolution was due, in the first place, to those noblemen who adopted British and French ideas, just as they adopted the fashions of London and Paris. The revolutionary period lasted from the expulsion of the Jesuits by the crown, to the assembly of the aristocrats at Bayoune, summoned by Napoleon the Great to declare their indorsement of the action of the Liberals in the dethronement of the Bourbons, and in support of his own usurpation. Again it appeared in the middle classes who held the supremacy from the time of the immortal assembly of Cadiz, in the year 1810, until the assembly of the year 1854, which prepared the way for the dethronement of Isabella II.; and finally it burst forth in the democracy which has filled the last period of our history, constituting, notwithstanding the survival of a historical monarchy and an official church, the most democratic state possible in monarchical form, if, by democracy, we understand the exercise of individual rights, of a jury system which places the administration of justice in the hands of the people, and of universal suffrage; thus conceding to a nation, composed of free and equal citizens, inherent and perpetual sovereignty.

Within the past five years Spain has reached a period in which she ought to give a clear and definite solution to the problems which have grown out of her successive revolutions, and to conceive and work out a *modus vivendi*, the regulations of which shall contain something of the past with much of the progress to be desired for the future; such as the compact between modern Italy, for example, and the house of Savoy, between independent Hungary (that is, almost) and the house of Hapsburg, between Germany and

Prussia, and between the French democracy and the conservative republic.

It cannot be denied that such a transaction would disturb the lofty ideals of many a democrat, who having paid for his abstract conceptions cannot content his generous ambitions with anything less than absolute liberty, complete democracy and the radical republic.

I am one of those who have dreamed of those gains (?) for the benefit of the country. But we must not take these dreams, whose indecisive outlines hover before us like the dawn of the future, for the highest degree of comparison with which to judge the present. We must turn the eyes of memory to the sad realities of the past, for in this case we have directly before us two realities which may be true terms of comparison and not the ideal, inaccessible and unrealizable extended in the vague ether where Utopian dreams flicker like *ignis fatui*. Those who have seen an almost absolute monarchy, and to-day see a democratic monarchy, who once scarcely dared express their thoughts for fear of censure and to-day can write whatever they please; those who have once been called the Illegal party and who now see opened before them parliament and the government; those who have been debarred from the universities for proclaiming free will and the proper standard of science, and to-day have the right to teach whatever they believe and think; those who saw an intolerable Church united to an almost absolute State, crushing every expansion of the soul, and to-day know no limitation to the expression of their thoughts; those who have been indignant at slavery and the markets where human beings were bought and sold as in the days of old Nineveh and Babylon, and to-day know that there is not one slave under the Spanish flag, are well content with the work of the last forty years. They do not wish, in order to extend it outside of its rational limits, to frustrate it, when so many dangers threaten all our rights

and so many retrogressions have followed close upon our too audacious boldnesses, and our too rapid advances in the paths of continual progress. To proclaim such a mode of conducting politics, without selecting what we most need from the past and the present to give it a permanent reality, seems like trying to put together a machine according to pure mathematical formula without wishing to study and realize the coefficient of the reality.

But what living reality can surpass the abstract ideal? I do not know any relation so analogous to the existence between the ideal and the abstract as that existing between the earth and the sun.

Without political reality, the ideal, like the earth without the sun, cannot exist. But, after having proclaimed this necessity for the ideal, there is no other remedy than to place the living realities at a certain distance from its flames, just as the planets are placed at a certain distance from the sun. If our earth should approach too near the sun, it would be dissolved in the glowing heat of the latter; so, if we should try to bring reality too close to the pure ideal, it would immediately be shattered. We cannot breathe in certain altitudes, neither can we realize a pure idea, except up to a certain limit. The periods of the greatest light and greatest incandescence of our globe were not adapted to human life. Neither is a true and tangible reality adapted to an ideal too ethereal and ardent.

No social crime exists that has not originated from someone carrying to excess the most just principles, and trying to incorporate them within a limited and conditional reality.

As hopes fulfilled lose the enchantment of their natural poesy, so is all progress realized in this sad world of ours, lost in the splendor of the pure ideal.

From the Spanish of Emilio Castelar. Translated for THE LIVING AGE by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

From The Spectator.

THE CHARM OF LONDON.

Lord Rosebery said the other day that he hoped London had been much more beautiful than it now is, when in the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors a great line of palaces along the banks of the Thames connected the city with Westminster, and that he hoped it might become again more beautiful than it now is, when our streets shall be "living storehouses of history" instead of long blanks of stucco, and he ventured to differ widely from Sir Walter Besant's assertion that London had never been more beautiful than it now is. And very likely Lord Rosebery is right, if we use the word "beautiful" in its ordinary sense of that which delights the eye by its symmetry and fairness. There are certainly many Eastern cities,—Damascus, for instance, and Constantinople,—whose gardens and groves present a far more picturesque appearance than London can ever present with its huge population. For let the streets become "living storehouses of history" as much as they may, the vast crowds which now swarm through the mighty city will effectually drive the palaces more and more into the distance. But if, instead of the beauty of London, we should speak of the charm of London, we should be inclined to say that London had never wielded so great a charm as it does at the present time in spite of its long stretches of stuccoed streets. For charm depends on the sense of power even more than on the sense of beauty. Michael Angelo exerts even a greater charm than Raphael, and Alexander a greater charm than Hannibal. So London in the nineteenth century, with its crowds of ordered and orderly labor, its storehouses of wealth, its treasures of learning, its mighty avenues of iron roads raying out to the ends of the kingdom, and with the great river which carries the ships of all nations to the sea, exerts a far mightier charm on the imagination at this end of the

nineteenth century than it could ever have exerted before. London has, indeed, a mental atmosphere which presses with a far greater force on the mind than that with which the physical atmosphere presses on the body. No one can live in it without being sensibly stirred by the consciousness of force, of which the evidence streams in on one at every pore. There is a kind of magnetism in the mere proximity of so much energy and vivacity. The man who enters London from the country is sensible of a new stimulus and a clearer consciousness of what life means and what it may produce than he had before. All this exerts a spell which cannot be wielded by groves of dates and gardens of roses, nor even by stately piles of marble architecture. London in the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors, London as Sir Walter Scott imagined it during the later Stuarts, never possessed such a charm as is put forth by the vast city of the present day, where genius and skill and knowledge, and industry are all represented by hosts of minds acting in concert with each other to produce a result such as the world has not elsewhere to show. Even the thick air which so sadly impairs the beauty of London has sometimes had an imaginative charm of its own. Mr. Lowell used to say that there was nothing more delightful than the foggy sunsets of London, and Wordsworth felt its attraction when he said to Crabbe:—

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness

Like London with its own black wreath,—

On which with thee, O Crabbe, forth-looking

I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

Nor is that the only testimony which Wordsworth,—a solitary-minded man who lived chiefly amongst mountains and lakes, and cared nothing for the world,—gave to London, a testimony not called forth so much by its beauty as by its marvellous concentration of human force and life. In the famous sonnet on London seen from Westmin-

ster Bridge in the stillness of a summer dawn, he dwelt on the latent power of the vision even more than its mere beauty:—

Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will,
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,

And all that mighty heart is lying still!

There is the charm of London, "that mighty heart" beating so close to one, whether wakeful and active or still in slumber. And everything adds to that charm which, like the river, brings the whole force of it before you, partly by the contrast of its comparative tranquillity, its ever unhastening and un-resting current, partly by the great rush of commerce which it carries to and fro upon its bosom. Wordsworth felt justly enough that the bridges of London, which mark the break between the two great masses of population, and from which in comparative tranquillity you can get a view of the whole, are the very centres of the charm which London exerts over the mind. From Westminster Bridge you command the very heart of the political life not merely of a great city, but of a great nation, and feel as if you could lay your hand on the main historical scenes of centuries of strife and passion. From London Bridge you command the very centre of mercantile London, see the masts of the shipping in the lower part of the river, and the great dome of St. Paul's towering over all that traffic as men's religion towers over their busy activities and eager hopes. And from Waterloo Bridge you command a view of both quarters of London, while the solid pile of Somerset House, which reminds you how great is even official London, though official London is but a drop in the ocean of London life, stands close at hand. There is nothing like the bridges of a great city for giving you just the breathing-space,—the offing, as it were,—necessary to enable you to stand apart from the great throng of humanity, and yet realize vividly what it means. If you plunge into the

flood, you can no more realize the charm it has for the imagination, than a drowning man can realize the charm of the sea in which he is struggling for life. But when the throng is broken, even though it is always pouring its tide over the passage from one of the mighty fragments to the other, you can gaze upon the great tumult,—or the great silence which was tumult a few hours ago and will be tumult again in a few more hours,—and yet possess your own soul.

After all then, the chief spell of London is in the life and energy which it seems to add, and probably does really add, to the mind which feels that spell. We know that an electric current will develop a parallel current in a wire some mile or so distant from it, and that a message may even be involuntarily transmitted in this way from a wire between stations at sea to a wire on land at a moderate distance. In the same way, the mere rush of energy around you in London seems to transmit a certain portion of itself to any mind which is at work in the heart of London, and to brace it up as it were to a higher nervous tension. London is like an electric bath to those who need that sort of reinvigorating stimulus; nor do the sordid streets impress you less in that respect,—perhaps even more on account of the greater mass of life that flows through them,—than the statelier streets. Lord Rosebery is quite right that the sordid streets make one melancholy when one reflects on the meanness of the life which they contain, on the squalor of the advertisements with which the poorer inhabitants are regaled, the misery of their want, and the unmitigated pangs which might be mitigated if the poor were not so near the very brink of destitution. But all that is a matter of reflection. When one does not reflect, the great tide of life that flows ceaselessly through the streets, adds not less, perhaps, as we have said, even more, to the impressiveness of London, than the richer and more comely life of the wealthier quarters.

The great charm of London is in the magnitude and variety of its life, and the singular order which regulates it. To see the great tide of labor and organizing thought flow into London day by day in waves as sure and steady as those of the advancing tide, and then ebb again in the evening as the laborers and the organizers of labor rush back to their quiet homes, is even more impressive than to watch the flow and ebb of the sea on a line of beach. For we know how "the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon," but we do not know how it is that all these atoms of eager desire, and ingenious imagination, and restless self-will, are controlled so as to constitute the mighty whole of a city in which there is as much constancy and order as there is fullness of life.

From Good Words.

A FEAST DAY IN THE CANARIES.

If you would see Orotava in its gayest and most distinctive mood, you should manage to be there for the feast of Corpus Christi. The hotels and every possible lodging in the Port and the Villa are crowded with the happiest-looking sight-seers come to see the famous carpet of flowers. I had been told that all the little streets, balanced between blue of sky and blue of sea, like Margery Daw's see-saw, in a perfect slant, would be covered with flowers. I could imagine the effect charming, but hardly an affair to bring people in boats across from the different isles, and send them up from Santa Cruz to Laguna in excited cavalcades. That was my error. It was quite a strange and surprising sight.

Picture these engaging little streets showing the loveliest fancies in flower-leaves along their slopes, not loosely spread flowers, as I expected to see, but the leaves of millions upon millions of flowers of every gradation of hue, sorted and fitted closely in wooden compartments, and quaint devices and fancies built upon proximity with a

painter's or a weaver's art. One street had what looked like a real Oriental carpet with a Greek border in deep red and orange. The regularity of tracing and design was so correct, and the roses and buds, the leaves and stems were so perfectly the stiff ugliness of a carpet as to deceive the eye. When such colors unfamiliar in flowers as black, royal blue, or green were needed, the leaves were dyed. A charming effect was produced by a double row of flags of all nations intertwined with the colors of Spain along an entire street. The Union Jack, faithfully reproduced in all its brilliance, gave the spectator over-seas a homesick pang. There were many flags new to me, and these, I was told, belonged to the South American Republics and a variety of remote islands. The sombre Austrian flag in that flaunting mass of perfumed color had a peculiar air of majesty and isolation, but the Tricolor and the British flags harmonized quite jauntily with the red and yellow of Spain. Opposite the courtyard of a local aristocratic palace there was a picture that won all enthusiastic praises. You never passed it as long as the leaves retained their fictitious glory without its circle of gazing admirers. It was a life-size angel, most skilfully drawn and colored upon a background of blue and golden sky,

flying over a sunny landscape against a wider rim of purple sea. The angel had a mass of brilliant, reddish-golden hair, made out of nasturtium petals, I think; flesh-tinted rose-leaves gave a perfect suggestion of creamy cheeks; the leaves and lips were made of rose and violet eyes, and it is incredible with what skill the lashes and eyebrows were suggested with brown thorns. She wore floating garments of deep and bright red, and the lines of shadow were made of those blood-dark roses that look like plush. Her arms were bare, and she was dropping yellow sheaves upon the earth. The sea, as deep as the Ægean, was made of the darkest violets I have ever seen, and light playing upon the ripples was the effect of here and there a dash of the paler Parma violet.

When I had bestowed praise as lavish upon this work of art as even to satisfy the pride of the innocent townsfolk, they assured me that, beautiful as it was, it was still not so beautiful as the *alfombra* they made for the Infanta Eulalie to walk upon when she visited Orotava on her way to Chicago. "That was so beautiful," they said in ecstatic remembrance, "that she declined to tread upon it, saying that it would be a sin."

Literature.—Dr. Conan Doyle said some timely words in his speech for literature at the dinner to Sir Edward J. Poynter, the new P.R.A. "Certainly," said the author of "Micah Clarke," by way of a beginning, "if to be prolific was a sign of prosperity, literature should be more prosperous than ever.

Continuing, he said: "Neither novelist nor poet could complain of neglect, but it was when they came to the more solid forms of literature that there was room, he thought, for that prosperity to which they had drunk. It was not that the writers had degenerated. It would be absurd to say so, when within the last few weeks they

had seen the completion of perhaps the greatest philosophic work in our literature. But the reader had become demoralized. He was not quite so gentle as he was. The morning paper, the evening paper, the weeklies, the monthlies, had all come between him and the big books. We preferred short cuts to the open road. A remedy is suggested by Dr. Conan Doyle: "It might be no bad thing," he said, "for a man now and again to make a literary retreat, as pious men make a spiritual one; to forswear absolutely for a month in the year all ephemeral literature, and to bring an untarnished mind to the reading of the classics of our language."

The Living Age.—Supplement.

FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Magazine.
THE CZARINA'S CORONATION.

Nothing in the whole drama of the morning presented so impressive a picture as did the young empress when she first entered the chapel and stood before her throne. Of all the women there she was the most simply robed, and of all the women there she was by far the most beautiful. A single string of pearls was her only ornament, and her hair, which was worn like that of a Russian peasant girl, fell in two long plaits over her bare shoulders—bare even of a strap, of a bow, of a jewel—and her robe of white and silver was as simple as that of a child going to her first communion. As she stepped upon the dais the color in her cheeks was high, and her eyes were filled with that shyness or melancholy which her pictures have made familiar; and in contrast with the tiaras and plumes and necklaces of the ladies of the court surrounding her, she looked more like Iphigenia going to the sacrifice than the queen of the most powerful empire in the world waiting to be crowned.

The most interesting part of the ceremony, to my mind, was when the czar changed from a bareheaded young officer in a colonel's uniform, with his trousers stuck in his boots, to an emperor in the most magnificent robes an emperor could assume; and when the czarina followed him, and from the peasant girl became a queen, with the majesty of a queen, and with the personal beauty which the queens of our day seem to have lost. When the moment had arrived for this transformation to take place, the czar's uncle, the Grand-Duke Vladimir, and his younger brother Alexander lifted the collars of the different orders from the czar's shoulders, but in doing this the Grand-Duke Vladimir let one of the stars fall,

which seemed to hold a superstitious interest for both of them. They then fastened upon his shoulders the imperial mantle of gold cloth, which is some fifteen feet in length, with a cape of ermine, and covered with the double eagle of Russia in black enamel and precious stones. Over this they placed the broad diamond collar of St. Andrew, which sank into the bed of snowy white fur, and lay glimmering and flashing as the emperor moved forward to take the imperial diadem from the hands of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg.

The crown was a marvellous thing, fashioned in two halves to typify the eastern and western kingdoms, formed entirely of white diamonds, and surmounted by a great glowing ruby, above which was a diamond cross. The czar lifted this flashing globe of flame and light high above him, and then lowered it to his head, and took the sceptre in his right hand and the globe in the left.

From where I stood I could see their faces only in profile, but when the czar seated himself upon the throne, the czarina turned and raised her eyes questioningly; and then, in answer to some sign he made her, she stood up and walked to a place in front of him, and sank down upon her knees at his feet, with her bare hands clasped before her. He rested his crown for an instant on her brow, and then replacing it upon his own head, lowered a smaller crown of diamonds upon hers. Three ladies-in-waiting fastened it to her hair with long gold hair-pins, the czar watching them as they did so with the deepest interest; and then, as they retired, two of the grand-dukes placed a mantle similar to the czar's upon her shoulders, and hung another diamond collar upon the

ermine of her cape, and she stepped back to her throne of ivory, and he to his throne of turquoise. The supreme moment had come and gone, and Nicholas II. and Alexandra Feodorovna sat crowned before the nations of the world.

Some one made a signal through the open door, and the diplomats on the tribunes outside rose to their feet and the crush of moujiks below them sank on their knees, and the regiments of young peasant soldiers flung their guns at salute, and the bells of the churches carried the news over the heads of the kneeling thousands across the walls of the Kremlin to where one hundred and one cannon hurled it on across the river and up to the highest hill of Moscow, where the modern messengers of good and evil began to tick it out to Odessa, to Constantinople, to Berlin, to Paris, to the rocky coast at Penzance, where it slipped into the sea and hurried on under the ocean to the illuminated glass face in the Cable Company's tall building on Broadway, and from there to Port Darlen and Yokohama, until the world had been circled, and the answering congratulations came pouring into Moscow while the young emperor still stood under the dome of the little chapel.

The most interesting part of the ceremony that followed was the presentation of felicitations by the visiting princes and princesses. It was interesting because the usual position of things was reversed, and the royalties who watch with smiles the curtsies and bows of the humbly born who come to their levees and presentations were now forced to bow and curtsy, and the lowly born were the smiling critical spectators.

And it was satisfactory to find that the royalties were quite as awkward over it and as embarrassed as was ever any young *débutante* at a Buckingham Palace Drawing Room. What they had to do was simple enough. They had each to cross the platform to kiss the czar on the cheek and the czarina on the hand alone, and if it were a woman who was presenting her

congratulations, to turn her cheek to the czarina to kiss in return. The same ceremony was required for the dowager empress as for the czarina. It does not sound difficult, but not more than six out of a hundred did what they had been told to do, and each of them hurried through with it as quickly as possible, and with an expression of countenance that betokened anything rather than smiling congratulations. For from their point of view all their little world was looking on at them, all their princely cousins and kingly nephews and royal uncles and aunts were standing by to see, and for the brief moment in which each passed across the platform, and most unwillingly held the centre of the stage, he felt that the whole of Europe was considering his appearance, and criticising his bow, and counting the number of times he kissed in return. The Duke of Connaught, being the czarina's uncle, was the only man who kissed her; and the Prince of Naples, the heir to the throne of Italy, did not even kiss the czar, but gave each of them a hand timidly, and then backed away as though he were afraid they would kiss him in spite of himself. Some of the royalties, in their embarrassment, assumed a most severe and disapproving air, as did the queen of Greece, a very handsome woman in fur, who, in contrast to the simpers of the others, and in order to show how self-possessed she was, scowled at the young couple like Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene. Others looked as though they were saying good-night to their hostess, and assuring her that they had had a very pleasant evening, but a few were deeply moved, and kissed the czar's diamond collar as a sign of fealty, and some of the Russian nobles bowed very low, and then kissed the czarina's bare shoulder.

After the congratulations, the ceremony was continued by the priests alone, who chanted and prayed for nearly two hours, during which time the czar and czarina took but little part in the service beyond crossing

themselves at certain intervals. The strain became very great; it was impossible to keep one's attention fixed on the strange music of the choir or on the unfamiliar chanting of the priests, and people began to whisper to one another, until at the end of the ceremony almost every one was whispering as though he were at an afternoon tea.

It was not that there was any disrespect felt, but that it had become physically impossible, after six hours of silence and of remaining wedged in an upright position in one place, to maintain an attentive attitude of either mind or body.

But the priests ceased at last, and the most solemn ceremony of the coronation was reached, and the czar passed from sight through the jewelled door of the screen, while his young wife, who could not enter with him, waited, praying for him beside the picture of the Virgin. When he came forth again the tears were streaming down his cheeks and beard, and he bent and kissed the empress like a man in a dream, as though during the brief space in which he had stood in the holy of holies he had been face to face with the mysteries of another world.

That was the end of the ceremony of the coronation, and let us hope it will be a long time before there will be another one.

In looking back at it now, it seems to me that what made it most impressive was the youth of the czar and czarina. There was something in the sweet girlishness of her manner and of the dauntlessness of the boy in his, that gave them both an inexpressible hold upon your interest and your sympathy. It was not as though they had been looking forward to this hour for many years, until it had lost its first meaning and was now the payment for a long period of apprenticeship, until it had been lived so often in anticipation that when it came it was only a form. It was not as though he had grown cynical and stout, and she grey-haired and hardened to it all; but, in-

stead, she looked like a bride upon her wedding day, and you could see in his face, white and drawn with hours of prayer and fasting, and in the tears that wet his cheeks, how strongly he was moved, and you could imagine what he felt when he looked forward into the many years to come, and again saw himself as he was at that moment, a boy of twenty-eight, taking in his hands the insignia of absolute sovereignty over the bodies of one hundred million people, and on his lips the most sacred oaths to protect the welfare of one hundred million souls.

From "The Coronation." By Richard Harding Davis.

From Scribner's Magazine.

THE END OF FEUDALISM IN ENGLAND.

Nothing is farther from the truth than the notion that Richard III. was unpopular with the masses of the people. He had never injured them, and they did not care how many nobles or princes he put to death. There is no evidence that there was any popular uprising against Richard at any time, but on the contrary, all the evidence we have shows that he was supported and liked by the people, especially in the north, where he was best known. This was but natural. Richard represented law, order, and authority. All his legislation was for the benefit of the people, and they knew it. Their enemies and his were the same, and they knew that too.

Yet it is true Richard was hated. Fabian records that there were mutterings against him on the very day of his coronation, but the men who muttered thus under their breath, according to the old chronicler, were the nobles, not the people. Now we come to the real unpopularity of Richard. He was hated by the classes, not by the masses. The nobles who had opposed him hated him because he had beaten them; those who had supported him, because they found a master when they intended to have a puppet. All classes of the nobility soon

grew to hate him with a common and bitter hatred, because they recognized in him the enemy of their order and saw that every move he made tended to destroy their power. He was fighting the battle of crown and people against the feudal system of petty tyrants, and the nobles, who saw political and military ruin advancing upon them, rose against the king who led the march. They raised a rebellion under Buckingham and failed. They took breath, set up a claimant to the throne, supplied him with forces, and then, by treachery, wrecked the royal army at Bosworth, and slew their foe. It was their last effort; they were exhausted and, although they had changed kings, they had not changed royalty or checked the movement of the time. The feudal system fell at Bosworth with the king who had given it its death-blow and marked out the road for his successor to follow.

It is here we come on the real importance of Richard III., when we find him a part of the great movement of the time, and leading the real forces which make history. If Richard's character as a man were all, it would not be more than a matter of curiosity to inquire into the truth concerning him. But behind this personal question there rises one of real importance, which has just been indicated, and to which those who have written upon him have given but little attention. On this side we are no longer dealing with doubtful or prejudiced chroniclers, no longer delving in dark corners whence the best issue is a probability. Here we come out into the broad light of day, where our authorities are the unquestioned witnesses of laws and state records, which tell us nothing of persons but much of things. In them, as we have seen, a strong consistent policy is disclosed, and that policy reveals to us the great social and political change then in progress.

It was the period when an old order of life was dying and a new one was being born. The great feudal system of England was drawing to its unlamented close. It had worked out its destiny. It had rendered due service in its time, it had curbed the crown in the interests

of liberty, but its inherent vices had grown predominant, and it had come to be a block to the movement of men toward better things. In its development the feudal system had ceased to be of value as an aid to freedom against a centralized tyranny. It had become purely a dissolving and separatist force. When it culminated under Henry VI., we can see its perfect work. The crown, the central cohesive national power, had ceased to be. The real rulers of England were the great nobles, who set up and pulled down kings and tore the country with ambitious factions. Warwick was the arch-type, and the name he has kept through the centuries of the "king-maker" really tells the story. More men wore his livery and cognizance, more men would gather to the Bear and Ragged Staff of the Nevilles, than the king himself could summon. In a less degree all the great nobles were the same. Each was practically the head of a standing army. If the king did not please them, they took up arms, set up another king, and went to war. As they were always rent into bitter factions, the king could not please more than a portion of the nobility at any time, and the result was organized anarchy or the Wars of the Roses. The condition was little better than that which led Poland to ruin and partition.

The other powers in the state were king and people. To both the situation was hateful. The king did not like to hold his crown by sufferance and lie at the mercy of two or three powerful subjects. The people, especially in the towns, began to long for peace and order, and greatly preferred the chance of one man's tyranny to the infinitely worse oppression of a hundred petty tyrants. Steadily king and people were drawing together, and the only question was when they would be able to crush the feudal nobility and break their power. Edward IV. saw what it was necessary to do, and made some spasmodic efforts in the right direction. But Edward, although a brilliant general, was no statesman. He was too sensual, too indolent, too worthless, except on the field of battle, for such work.

Richard was as brilliant a soldier as Edward, but he was also a statesman, and he was neither sensual nor indolent. Short as his reign was, a great work was done, and we have seen that a clear, strong policy of maintaining law and order and of crushing the nobility runs in unbroken line through his statutes.

It was wise and able work. Unluckily for himself, although it made no difference in the result, Richard was just a little too early. The feudal nobility were dying, but not quite dead. There were still enough of them to set up a claimant for the crown, still enough to betray Richard and kill him on the field of battle. He was their enemy, and as a class they knew it. It was not his cruelty, even if we admit as true all the Shakespearian crimes. Executions and murders of royal and noble persons were too much the fashion of the day to base a campaign on for the crown. They called Richard tyrant and murderer and "bloody boar," and he retorted with proclamations in which he denounced them not merely as traitors but as murderers, adulterers and extortioners. There was just as much truth in one charge as the other, and neither was of any importance in the fight. Mr. Legge is right in saying that there was no national or popular uprising. Indeed the people of York mourned publicly over Richard's "treacherous murder," when such lamentation was far from safe, and quarrelled in defence of his memory six years later. There was, in reality, no reason for a popular revolt against Richard, for, as has been shown, all his legislation and public acts made for the benefit of the people as much as the crown, and, as Richard represented the new movement in politics, was bound to do so.

If Richard had been a little more thorough and a little more cruel; if he had sent Lord Stanley to the block as his successor afterward did, and as he was warranted in doing by the code of the day; if he had sent Stanley's wife along the same road and procured, as he might have done, the murder of the

Earl of Richmond, all would have gone well with him. He would have died, probably, according to his sneer, "a good old man," and he would have left an immense reputation as the king who stamped out feudalism, opened the door to learning and civilization, brought crown and people together, consolidated the English monarchy, and set England on the triumphant march of modern days. His executions and cruelties would have been glossed over, and his exploits and abilities enlarged. But he struck the first intelligent blow from the throne at the anarchic nobility, and they had still strength to return the blow, kill him, and then load his memory with obloquy.

From "The Last Plantagenet." By Henry Cabot Lodge.

From Lippincott's Magazine.
GLOVES.

Gloves were manufactured at an early period in the monasteries. In 790 Charlemagne granted to the monks of Sithin the right to hunt in the forest for deer, whose skins were required for their book-covers, girdles, and gloves. They were sometimes worn before the consecration of the Sacrament. The gloves of the clergy were usually of white silk or linen, elaborately embroidered. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, declared that white linen should be chosen, because the hands they were to cover should be chaste and clean.

The gloves in which Boniface VIII. was buried were of white silk, exquisitely wrought with the needle; the top had a deep border, studded with pearls.

Gloves lavishly ornamented were a part of the church furniture in the Middle Ages, and when the clergy's love of splendid dress began to sap the life of the Church in the fourteenth century, colored gloves were forbidden them, "either red, green, or striped." The monks had long before been restricted to sheepskin.

There is an old saying that a glove should be dressed in Spain, cut in

France, and sewed in England; but France long ago demonstrated her ability to perform successfully all three of these offices.

Italy, France and Spain excelled in glove manufacture in the fourteenth century. They were fashioned of sheepskin, doeskin, wool, silk, etc., and were highly perfumed.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century women began to wear gloves. Their excessively long sleeves and profusion of rings had doubtless prevented the earlier adoption of the fashion.

As soon as art had lifted the glove from its early clumsiness, it found favor in the eyes of royal personages, and began to rival in splendor their jewelled robes. According to tradition, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was recognized in Austria on his return from the Crusades by his jewelled gloves, for these denoted high rank.

The dowager queen of Navarre was persuaded to visit Paris on the occasion of the marriage of her son Henry by the embassy of a pair of gloves, and on the morning of the marriage was done to death, it is said, by a pair of poisoned gloves sent by the court perfumer. Her death was a prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Poisoning by means of clothing was not unusual at this period, even rings and necklaces being employed for the purpose.

The first king of Britain to evince a fondness for gloves was Ethelred II., who, in regulating commerce with a German society of merchants, provided that he should have yearly five pairs of gloves as part duty for protection.

At one time royal gloves were dyed purple; during the Middle Ages they were white, with wide pointed cuffs, on which the maker lavished his skill in embroidery and precious stones.

We are told that the hands of the French king Henry III. were covered every night with gloves, and a cloth dipped in essence was laid over his face to preserve the beauty and delicacy of his complexion.

The Earl of Oxford brought from Italy on his return to England some gloves, scented, and trimmed with roses of colored silk, as an offering to Queen Elizabeth, who was proud of her hands. Du Maurier declared that he had heard his father say that at every audience she had repeatedly pulled off her gloves in order to display her hands, which were, indeed, very white and well shaped.

Either Elizabeth's hands were very large or her gloves too loose, for the pair in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, said to have been worn by her, measure, according to Beck, three and a half inches across the palm, thumb five inches, middle finger five and three-fourths. The glove is half a yard long, with a gold fringe at the top two inches deep. It is made of fine white leather, with a deep cuff lined with colored silk.

The fashionable glove of the sixteenth century was magnificent with embroidery, raised gold-work, and gold-thread stitching grounded on white satin. The side-bands of the cuff were often of ribbon of cloth of gold, edged with gold fringe. The purpose of the side-bands may have been to hold the sleeve in place and thus allow the glove to be observed. All manner of rare and costly perfumes were employed in scenting them, and the glover who could advertise a new perfume was for the time the most popular.

Gloves became very popular as New Year's gifts; or, in their stead, glove-money was offered. This story is related of Sir Thomas More: as lord chancellor he had decided a suit in favor of Mrs. Croaker, and this lady, desiring to give him substantial proofs of her gratitude, on the following New Year's Day sent him a pair of gloves containing fifty gold angels. Sir Thomts made this reply: "It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift. I therefore accept the gloves; the lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere."

By Elizabeth Ferguson Seat.

From *The Atlantic Monthly*.

THE DECADENCE OF DEMOCRACY.

The really alarming feature connected with the growth of democracy is that it does not seem to make adequate provision for the government of this new world. Its chief function, like the chief function of the monarch whom it has succeeded, is to fill offices. This is the chief function of the sovereign power everywhere, no matter by what name it is called. To find the right men for the public places is almost the only work which falls, or has ever fallen, to the ruler. It is by the manner in which this is done, more than by the laws which are passed that the goodness or badness of a government is tested. If the functionaries are honest and faithful, almost any kind of political constitution is endurable. If they are ignorant or tyrannical or corrupt, the best constitution is worthless. If we listen to the conversation of any group of men who are condemning a political system, we shall find that their talk consists mainly of reports of malfeasance in office, of officials having done things which they ought not to have done, and of their having failed to do things which they ought to have done. Government is an impalpable abstraction except as it makes itself felt through functionaries, which is about the same thing as saying that administration is even more important than legislation, that even bad laws well executed hardly work as much unhappiness as good laws badly executed.

The first effect of this great change on democracy was delight at finding that government places and commissions in the army were no longer the monopoly of the aristocracy, that family or wealth was no longer a necessary qualification for them, and that the influences through which they might be procured were within the reach of the poor or lowly born. The tide of democratic opinion has ever since been in favor of the increase of offices. In France, in Italy, and in the United States, every government has found that this increase was a popular measure, and has given way to the

temptation of strengthening itself by the bestowal of them. The passion for them, even where the tenure is brief or insecure, has apparently grown with their number. The tradition of the old régime, that a man who represented the government was in some way superior to the people with whom he came in contact, has apparently, in the popular eye, clung to the places. Then, the certainty of the salary to the great multitude who in every country either fall in life, or shrink from the conflicts which the competitive system makes necessary, is very attractive; it soon converted the civil service into what has been called "spoils;" that is, booty won by victories at the polls.

It is easy to see that the only way to meet this necessary growth of demand for offices was to adhere to the old system of applying to the management of state affairs the principle which reigns in business, that of securing the best talent available; and of giving the chief places, at least, to men who had already made a mark in the world by success in some field of activity. This, as I have said, was the rule of the democracies of the ancient world. To preserve for the democratic government the old respect and authority which used to surround the monarchical government, it was absolutely necessary to compete vigorously, through both money and honors, in the labor market, with private business, the demands of which on the community's store of talent became very great as soon as steam and electricity were brought into the service of commerce and manufactures. But the tendency has not run in this direction. As regards the lower offices, the duties of which are easily comprehensible by everybody, and are merely matters of routine, in which discretion or judgment plays little part, there has been in this country a decided return to the tests of ordinary business, such as character and competency, and a decided revival of confidence in such motives as security of tenure and the prospect of promotion. But as regards the higher or elective offices, such as those of legislators and governors, the tendency to

discredit such qualifications as education and special experience has been marked. In the popular mind there is what may be called a disposition to believe not only that one man is as good as another, but that he knows as much on any matter of general interest. In any particular business the superiority of the man who has long followed it is freely acknowledged, but in public affairs this is not perhaps so much denied as disregarded. One of the most curious characteristics of the silver movement was the general refusal to accept the experience of any country or age as instructive, and this in a matter in which all light comes from experience. Bryan's proclamation that the opinion of all the professors in the United States would not affect his opinions in the least, was an illustration of this great self-confidence of a large democracy. In a small democracy this could hardly have occurred.

All the great modern democracies have to contend almost for existence against the popular disposition to treat elective offices as representative, and to consider it of more importance that they should be filled by persons holding certain opinions or shades of opinion than by persons most competent to perform their duties. The distinction between representing and administering seems plain enough, and yet, since the French Revolution, the democratic tendency has been everywhere to obscure it. This has not unnaturally led to the idea that the offices are rewards for the persons who have done most to propagate or defend certain views, and ought to be given to them independently of their fitness. To this confusion of two different functions I must ascribe the deterioration which has been remarked so frequently in the legislatures of all democratic countries in modern times. The number of men of experience or special knowledge, as well as of conspicuous men, which they contain, seems to decline steadily, and the number of interests committed to their charge as steadily to increase.

This disregard of special fitness, com-

bined with unwillingness to acknowledge that there can be anything special about any man, which is born of equality, constitutes the great defect of modern democracy. That large communities can be successfully administered by inferior men is a doctrine which runs directly counter not only to the experience of the race, but to the order appointed for the advance of civilization, which as been carried forward almost exclusively by the labor of the fittest, despite the resistance or reluctance of the unfit. This order of nature, too, has been recognized fully in private affairs of every description. In all of them competency on the part of administrators is the first thing sought for, and the only thing trusted. But in private affairs the penalty of any disregard of this rule comes quickly; in public affairs the operation of all causes is much slower, and their action is obscure. Nations take centuries to fall, and the catastrophe is preceded by a long period of the process called "bad government," in which there is much suffering and alarm, but not enough to make the remedy plain. France furnishes the best modern illustration of this rule. The causes of the Revolution undoubtedly began to operate at the majority of Louis XIV., but for over one hundred years their nature and certain results were not perceived, in spite of the great popular suffering which prevailed during the whole period.

The worst of the slowness of this decadence is that it affects national character to a degree which makes recovery more difficult, even after the origin and nature of the disease have become plain. Men soon get accustomed to the evils of their condition, particularly if there is nobody in particular to blame. The inaction or negligence or shortcomings of great numbers assume the appearance of a law of nature or of repeated failures, of attempts at the impossible. The apparent difficulty of reform, except by catastrophe or revolution, begets either despondency or over-cheerfulness.

From "Democratic Tendencies." By E. L. Godkin.

From The Bookman.

MR. HOWELLS'S PESSIMISM.

In "A Hazard of New Fortunes" and "The World of Change" one finds no more the unforced humor and the cheerful spontaneity of his earlier novels. He has become melancholy, and with the true New England sense of duty, he has begun to feel that he has a "mission."

It was in New York, apparently, that Mr. Howells made the discovery that while there are in the world people who have plenty of money, there are also people who haven't any at all to speak of; that there are people who are harshly used by their employers, people who are often ill, people who live in squalid tenements—people, in a word, who are unhappy through no fault of their own. To a philosophical observer, these and other facts of the kind discovered by Mr. Howells are hardly so pathetic as the thoroughly naïf surprise with which Mr. Howells suddenly became conscious of their existence; and fully as pathetic also is the generous, but quite inartistic impulse that has led him to spoil his novels in order to impart to others some knowledge of his discovery. For as soon as he began to write stories with an obvious *Tendenz*, and permeated with all the uneasiness of the Bostonian who is consciously out of his element, the literary quality of his work deteriorated in a perceptible manner. Who can recall anything of the two books just named except squalor, and unhappiness, and cheap eating-houses, and commonplace characters of all grades of fatuity, and a general feeling that the author evidently thinks the times are out of joint? And so doubtless they are, and always were, for that matter; but Mr. Howells is not going to set them right by publishing vague pictures of Altruria, and asperging all of us with his diluted slops of Socialism. For everything will go on precisely as before; and all that he will have accomplished will be the transformation of a great literary artist into a gloomy and ineffectual Bellamy.

But the depression which has grown

upon Mr. Howells in the past few years has extended beyond his view of existing social conditions, and has been formulated into a semi-pessimistic theory of life. This phase of his thought finds its fullest expression in his verse, some of which is really remarkable in its condensed expression of a sort of wondering despair, poignant and terrible. No single poem better reveals this state of mind than the following from his "Stops of Various Quills:"—

I was not asked if I should like to come,
I have not seen my host here since I came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name.
Some say that we shall never see him, and some
That we shall see him elsewhere, and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go.
But every now and then there bursts upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes
our joys
Dumb on our breasts; and then, some one
is gone.
They say we meet him. None knows
where or when.
We know we shall not meet him here
again.

And there comes up continually his old lament over the inequality that everywhere marks the lot of man. The sight of poverty makes him shudder, and the sight of riches makes him shudder, too. He draws us a picture of a gay company dancing among scarlet flowers to the sound of music, and then he goes on:—

I looked again and saw that flowery space
Stirring as if alive, beneath the tread
That rested now upon an old man's head
And now upon a baby's gasping face,
Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace
Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed
the red
Of flowers was blood, in gouts and
gushes shed
From hearts that broke under that frolic
pace.

And now and then from out the dreadful
floor

An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
As if to strike in madness, or implore

For mercy; and anon some suffering
breast

Heaved from the mass and sank; and as
before

The revellers above them thronged and
prest.

Mr. Howells has, in fact, learned rather late in life a great fact which men, in general, apprehend after a very few years of observation. He has discovered that justice does not enter into the scheme of our existence here. And this is true. There is faith and there is truth, there is charity, and chastity, and honesty, but in all the world (speaking *more humano*) there is no such thing as justice. And this discovery startles and appals him, for here again his individualism robs him of a sense of true proportion.

From "William Dean Howells." By Harry
Thurston Peck.

From The Review of Reviews.
OVER-WORKING USEFUL MEN.

The death of such a man as General Francis A. Walker is something more than a loss to personal friends. It is a distinct loss to the community. The prolongation of the life of every man whose work is of eminent public value, and the conservation of that man's health and vigor for the performance of the best work that lies in him, ought always to be objects of thoughtful care and solicitude. General Walker's wide studies, varied experiences and active public services had ripened his judgment and had added constantly to his usefulness to the nation. Thousands of sincere men were of the opinion that General Walker, as our foremost advocate of international bimetalism, was fitted to render the United States and the world at large a most conspicuous service during the next few years in helping bring to an honorable end the war between the monetary standards.

So valuable a piece of public property as such a man ought not to be worried and badgered to death by petty demands upon his time and strength, any more than the high-bred race horse should be used for dray purposes, or precious stones for road making.

The sudden death of President Walker on January 5 was reported to be due to an apoplectic stroke. But if this stroke were the immediate cause, what conditions of nervous strain and mental fatigue may have been the remoter cause? Only two weeks before the sad news of General Walker's death, the editor of this review received from him the following letter,—a remarkable letter in any case, and a well-nigh startling one in view of the event that was so soon to follow:—

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
Boston, December 22, 1896.

Dear Mr. Shaw,—

. . . I should be glad some time to write an article—but probably never shall—having for its title, "Killing a Man," in which I should try to set forth the manners and ways in which decent and well-meaning people combine and conspire to knock down and trample on every man in the community who is fit to render any public service. I should try to show what an utter lack of conscience there is in this matter, so that men who would not on any account commit a petty larceny, will set upon a man whom they perfectly well know to be badly overworked, and knock out whatever little breath there may be left in his poor body; how they get "between him and his hole," cutting off his possible retreat by every sort of social entanglement; how they make last year's declination a reason for this year's acceptance; how they surround the poor victim on every side until he is fain to surrender and give up the last chance he has of getting a little rest or a little pleasure during the next two weeks, all for the purpose of delivering an address for some infernal society, which, perhaps, ought never to have existed, or at any rate, has long survived any excuse for its being.

I am very well aware that the foregoing is a triumph of mixed metaphor; but let it stand to express the condition into which a man is brought by the unceasing

demands from every quarter to do work which, generally speaking, is not worth doing at all.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) FRANCIS A. WALKER.

On December 9 the editor of this review had written to President Walker inviting him to contribute something to the review "concerning in a general way the policies that ought to be adopted by the United States in respect to the great pending issues of the public revenues and the reform of the currency." General Walker on the succeeding day had replied as follows:—

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
Boston, December 10, 1896.

My Dear Mr. Shaw,—

I dislike exceedingly to decline an invitation so flattering, and to miss an opportunity so promising to do my share in regard to public questions; but, unfortunately, it is not in my power to do anything at the present time. I can merely keep my work along and myself alive from day to day. I am literally overwhelmed with what I have on hand; I am not well; and neither callers nor correspondents have any mercy. I am very much obliged to you for asking me to take part in the coming symposium, and I wish I were in any sort of shape and condition to comply.

Yours truly,

(Signed) FRANCIS A. WALKER

Subsequently, on the 13th, the editor of the review sent a letter to General Walker expressing his sympathy and his appreciation of the difficulties under which General Walker found himself, mentioning the somewhat similar situation in which a good many other well-known men are placed, who confess that "just at the moment when they have begun to think themselves almost ready by study and experience to do some creditable work they seem not to be allowed any time in which to get that work done." This letter to General Walker ended as follows:—

What, I wonder, is the remedy for it? Some time when all your tasks are accom-

plished, your correspondence drops off for a month, and callers give you a respite, perhaps you will write an article for the *Atlantic*, or the *Forum*, or even let the *Review of Reviews* have it, on this question how men may save their time and strength for the doing of their best work.

General Walker was expressly informed that this letter called for no answer, but some days later he sent the despairing and pathetic letter of December 22 which we have quoted above.

The sort of importunity of which General Walker complains in the letters cited above, no matter how well meant, is a species of assassination. It may be inspired by no feeling except that of admiration and kindness; but there is such a thing as killing one's friends with too much kindness. We could name a list of men in the United States, most of them past the age of fifty, but a few of them younger, who are worth so much to the country that they ought to be protected at all hazards. Since there is such a passion for forming organizations and societies, before which distinguished men are expected to appear and make speeches, why should we not have a few societies formed for the special purpose of protecting certain of our fellow citizens?

From "A Plea for the Protection of Useful Men."

From The Century.
UNDER ONE ROOF.

If you enter one of the largest office-buildings in New York and go up and down and around in it, you will see that it is not a mere house, but almost a town in itself. It nearly covers the space of an entire city block. Thirty-two elevators serve the persons and the wants of its denizens and their visitors, and they carry some forty thousand passengers each day. The great business concern which owns it fills a whole floor, with halls as big as churches, and regiments of clerks. On

the other floors live many another big company, and many an individual doing a big business of this sort or of that; and their number will not amaze you as much as the luxury with which prosaic tasks of money-making now surround themselves. I wonder sometimes what my grandfather would have thought of it. No one in New York did business in a bigger way than he, sending his famous clipper-ships to encircle the world and traffic in a score of ports. Yet when my father began to "clerk" for him, the first of his duties was to sand his office floor; and I can remember how small and plain was this office, even at a much later day, with the bowsprits of vessels almost poking themselves in at the window as they lay along the border of South Street.

The people who dwell in the typical office building of to-day walk about on polished marble floors; the government has given them a post-office just for themselves; a big library and a restaurant exclusively serve the lawyers among them; another restaurant generally serves whomsoever may wish to eat; there are rows of shops in the huge, barrel-vaulted main hall; there are barbers' rooms and boot-blacks' rooms, and so forth and so on. You can almost believe that a man might live in this building, going forth only to sleep, and be supplied with pretty much everything he need desire, except the domestic affections, a church, and a theatre. It seems rather surprising, indeed, that a missionary chapel has not been started in one of its corners, and a roof-garden for daytime performances up on the hilltop called its roof. But up on this roof you may find the bureau which breeds our weather for us, and down in its underground stories, in the very entrails of the earth, you may confidently leave it your wealth to guard.

Truly, the steel-clad burrows of a great safe deposit company look capacious enough to contain all the wealth of New York, and whether your share of it be large or small, your needs can be exactly met. You may

hire a safe so little that a diamond necklace would almost fill it, or so big that it is a good-sized room, and its rent means the income of a good-sized fortune—seven thousand dollars or so per annum. Narrow lane after lane is walled by tiers of these safes, as streets are walled by house fronts; there is a second story below the first, and there are other places where other things than gold and silver, precious papers, and jewels may be stored. There are rooms full of trunks, and I remember a big one with the sweat of steam glistening on its walls and ceilings, which was filled full and heaped and piled with bales of a shining cream-colored stuff—raw silk, costly and also perishable, needing to be kept perpetually moist lest it lose its pliability.

When in this treasure-house of uncountable riches we see marble floors which can be lifted by levers so that they lie against the bases of doors impregnable without them, and vents which can throw curtains of scalding steam down upon the head of any one who may try to tamper with them, it seems as though the days of Oriental magicians had returned, with conspicuous modern improvements. Of course there are rows and rows of little cabinets where Croesus may handle his wealth very privately, and fine large waiting-rooms, too, all shut in by gates and bars and pass-words. "The ladies' waiting-room is a great convenience," said the grey-coated guardian one day. "When gentlemen bring their wives down town, and have business to do elsewhere, it's a nice place to leave them in." So it is; but if it is much used for this purpose, I hope that its niceness, not its terrific security, determines the fact.

From "Places in New York." By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

From McClure's Magazine.
THE MAKING OF BIBLES.

The Oxford Press has been actively engaged in the printing of books for

more than four centuries, and has been printing Bibles for more than three hundred years. Its first volume bears the date of 1468, but through an error (they made errors in those days), it should have been marked 1478. The main building, which was erected and became the home of the Press in 1830, is quadrangular, in the usual college form, and surrounds a large square court in lawns and flowers. The right wing constitutes the Learned Press, an institution established in 1669 "for the printing of learned books." The left wing is the "Oxford Press," a name probably known to every Bible reader in the world.

The head, for thirteen years past, of this great press has been Mr. Horace Hart, an autocrat of the sternest rigidity, but a martinet of the most courteous kind. Upon your entrance he asks you to excuse him for twenty minutes until a business conference is concluded. And while you are waiting for him you are conducted through the various departments—composing, proof-reading, and press rooms—of the Learned Press. You quickly perceive that this is, beyond question, the most learned press on the face of the earth. The very forms and type-boxes contain a metallic knowledge that no man could reach in a lifetime. Here they will print for you a Bible in any type of any tongue, past, present, or future. There may be an error about the future, but this is certainly your first impression. Persian, Sanscrit, Chinese, Hebrew, these are mere details; their daily bread, so to speak. But when it comes to Arabic, Syriac, Javanese, Burmese, Macassar, Tinnah, Jaski, and a hundred other kinds of hieroglyphics that you never heard of, it is too much to be instantly digested, and you wish to pause and think. Your guide explains to you that Jaski and Multain are really one and the same. This is gratifying, and you nod gravely. It is good to know that Jaski and Multain are really one, and not two or four or seven, as designing men might easily have induced you to believe. As if languages were mendicants, Mr. Hart

says quietly: "We never turn a language away." And the metallic evidences before you do not permit the statement to be clouded by any doubt. In this great composing room are types representing the sound symbols of all the savages of earth, so far as they have been caught and listened to; and unless your eyes are prejudiced, the more fiendish the character of the hoped-for proselyte, the more awful are his literary tools, so to speak. The erstwhile humble compositor now assumes in your eyes the glamour of greatness. The despised and hated proof-reader becomes a leader among his kind.

At one case a compositor is setting up a little brochure in Peshito Syriac, a thesaurus for the use of the old manuscript students of by and by, which has engaged the steady labor of the Press for the past thirty-three years, having been begun in 1863. Thirty-one compositors have gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, while engaged on this piece of work; and this is by no means to be wondered at. The compositor's case has a thousand boxes, a thousand dots, curls, curves, bacteria, and microbes, while the ordinary Roman case holds only one hundred simple characters. He, the compositor, sets up for you one simple letter by way of illustration. This requires six different pieces of metal, and would further require, if left to you, a journey to Syria to inquire as to its correctness. He proceeds to set up another letter, requiring perhaps ten pieces of metal—a compositorial *tour de force*. You feel, however, that the other achievement is quite sufficient for one day's labor, and that a half-holiday for him would really be no more than right.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," are the quoted words of the Founder. And in three hundred and twenty different languages, in all the byways and highways of the globe, these mute types are preaching it to-day.

Mr. Hart is as full of surprising facts as a tenement house of children. They develop unexpectedly, at every

turn and corner, quite in the fashion of the children aforesaid. In the type-foundry, the oldest in England, we learn that the Press makes all its own type, and that the type from which the Bible is printed is different from any other type in the world. The "type-heights" are different, and they will not "range" with any other. The lead used in their making is all purchased from house to house in the country roundabout. It is lead from tea chests, and it is used partly because it is pure, being free from solder, and partly because it is accessible, the freight being an item in dealing with the metal which stands for the description of heaviness.

India paper has revolutionized Bible making. It is a mechanical mystery and a trade secret, a secret known only to three men. It is made at the Wolvercote Mills of the Oxford Press, but as no employee is in touch with more than one stage of the process the complicated secret is held in hand. In 1842 an Oxford graduate returned from India with a paper peculiarly thin, peculiarly tough, and peculiarly opaque. A few Bibles were made from it, one of which was presented to the queen. It reduced the thickness of the Bible by one half. Every effort was made to obtain a supply of it, but without success. Efforts to make it were equally futile. Attempts were made and abandoned, for thirty years. Mr. Gladstone's ubiquity of research was drawn upon, and his letter to Mr. Hart is on file. He could only recommend a search in Japan. Papers equally thin and equally tough were obtained, but they were too transparent. It was not possible to print them on both sides of the sheet. Finally a paper thin enough, and tough enough, and opaque enough developed; but it was too yellow. It was tried, but the color was unacceptable to the public. It was not till thirty years had passed that the tenacity and perseverance of Mr. Frowde triumphed over all obstacles, and Bibles were issued in 1874 on the wonderfully thin paper on which they are issued to-day, a paper which dis-

tinguishes the Oxford Bible from all the other books of the world.

From "The Making of the Bible." By H. J. W. Dam.

From The Forum.

WHO WROTE GIBBON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY?

The publication of the "Autobiography and Letters" of Gibbon the historian in their original form is a literary event of rare interest and the solution of a fascinating mystery in the world of letters. For the first time the world now has the *seven* autobiographic studies of the historian exactly as he wrote them, instead of the curious mosaic which the first Lord Sheffield gave to the public as Gibbon's "Memoirs." And it now has his familiar "Letters" as he wrote them, not mutilated, not bowdlerized, but in his own words and his own spelling. The new publication is certainly a literary revelation; but, like the unlocking of so many mysteries, the unsealing of the Gibbon Manuscripts has not altogether solved the mystery of the "Memoirs," or rather (as so often happens in "mysteries") it has only presented the puzzle in a new form. All readers of the "Decline and Fall"—that is to say all men and women of a sound education—have long known, as Milman and Morison told them, *that Gibbon did not write his own Autobiography*:—i.e., in the form in which we have it. Lord Sheffield very truly told the world in 1795 that the "Memoirs" he published "had been carefully selected, and put together." But the world never did know the method of the "selection," or the astounding freedom with which they had been "put together." We never suspected that the editor had cut about the manuscript of the "luminous historian" as if it were a schoolboy's theme; that sentences, descriptions, and distinct essays had been clipped from one draft and soldered into another in the middle of a paragraph; that delicious bits of satire had been expunged, so as not to awaken prejudice or to dim the so-

lemnity of "history;" that much of the fun, nearly all the scandal, and most of the inner personal life had been eliminated from the "Letters." We now see that Gibbon's literary carcase was treated in some such way as a hog is converted into ham. But the mystery remains. If Gibbon did not compose his own Autobiography, who did? No one can read these seven sketches of the historian without admiring the unknown literary hand which so wonderfully wove them together and reset them into one harmonious piece. That hand, I cannot doubt, was mainly the fair hand of a young girl. I have seen an original letter of Lady Maria Holroyd, Lord Sheffield's eldest daughter, in which she says that she and her stepmother, the second wife of Lord Sheffield, "are working busily at the Memoirs, and are excellent devils." There are passages, she says, "which it would be very unfit to publish"—"If the letters had fallen into the hands of a Boswell what fun the world would have had." I have examined the original manuscripts in the British Museum: they are marked for elision, alteration, and abbreviation in the handwriting of Lady Maria. I have myself little doubt that the skill with which Gibbon's brilliant marble fragments were composed into a coherent picture, like the mosaics which astonish and delight us at Rome, was mainly the work of this bold and remarkable woman.

From "The New Memoirs of Edward Gibbon."
By Frederic Harrison.

the House of Commons. No reasonable man can doubt the danger of the enormous power which is in England vested in a simple majority. Chance and strategy and mere caprice will play a large part in their decisions. Many instances might be cited of votes which certainly did not represent the deliberate opinion of the majority of the members which were carried by a skillful combination of groups, by some blended issue in which politicians voted in the same sense through utterly different motives; or as the result of prolonged obstruction, of sittings in the small hours of the morning, of the accidental absence of particular members, or of the mistakes and confusion that inevitably arise when six hundred and seventy men are called upon at short notice to decide highly complicated and technical questions of which a large proportion of them are necessarily very ignorant. There is also the important fact that under our system of parliamentary government majorities in the House of Commons cannot reject a considerable government measure without either overthrowing the ministry or precipitating a dissolution. Men will often accept an imperfect, or even a bad, measure rather than place the government of the country in hands which they believe to be untrustworthy, and perhaps alter the whole tenor of its policy. The extreme importance, under such circumstances, of a revising and delaying Chamber, and especially of a Chamber which can reject a bill without overthrowing a government, is very evident, and it has never been more felt in England than since the later developments of Gladstonian Radicalism. Whatever may be the demerits of the House of Lords, it has at least saved the country from a policy which the constituencies have twice emphatically condemned, and the denunciations which were so common during the last Parliament of the hereditary legislators who were overriding the decisions of the elected representatives of the nation, appeared almost ludicrous when the election of 1895 showed that during that Parlia-

From The North American Review.
THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE SENATE.

There are some features of this singular revulsion that are especially remarkable. One is the increased popularity of the House of Lords. Many influences have contributed to it. No facts have more occupied serious politicians in England of late years than the declining efficiency, and the increased uncertainty, of the action of

ment the House of Lords had represented much more truly than the House of Commons the real sentiments of the country.

Two other considerations have had much influence. English politicians who desired to see a powerful Upper Chamber established on a purely elective basis have always looked to the United States as furnishing the most successful model of such a chamber. The American Senate has long been regarded with profound reverence in England. It was believed to be the main regulating influence in your Constitution; to be itself wholly free from the taint of corruption and demagogism, and to be the most efficient of all guarantees against dishonest, rash, and aggressive policy. Rightly or wrongly, within the last few years this belief has almost disappeared. To a large number of careful English observers the deterioration in the character of the Senate appears to be one of the most evident and most ominous facts in American politics. Whether this impression is true or false, it has had an undoubted effect in increasing the indisposition among serious politicians to any organic change in the character of an Upper Chamber which, though certainly far from ideally perfect, may on the whole be said to work well.

From "Conservatism of the British Democracy."

By W. E. H. Lecky.

From *The Cosmopolitan*.

PHYSICIAN AND PATIENT.

The obligation between physician and patient is a mutual one. The latter expects prompt and efficient service, at the sacrifice of convenience, social engagements, and, if necessary, of comfort and health, on the part of the former. On the other hand, the physician has a right to expect prompt and full payment of financial obligations and the consideration of his convenience and recreation when emergencies do not prevent. A failure to observe

these courtesies reacts directly on the welfare of the patient. If accounts are delayed, new books and instruments are correspondingly lacking, and some one suffers. If the doctor is consulted, not in office hours but whenever he can be found at home, necessary microscopical and chemical examinations are interrupted and cases are treated with an imperfect conception of their nature. If the physician's rest is broken, night after night, so too is his power of clear and quick thought.

The expectations which some persons have from medical treatment are at once flattering and exasperating, amusing and pathetic. I recall one patient who urged that certain asthmatic air-tubes in the lungs should be cut out, and another who insisted that needed information about the state of the stomach should be obtained by cutting through the abdomen rather than by passing the stomach-tube down her throat. Every doctor has been called upon to render speedy relief and restore to health patients within a few hours of death. Comparatively frequent, also, is the patient who makes an odious comparison between our own small powers of diagnosis and the miraculous ability of old Dr. So-and-so, who "had only to look at me and ask a few questions, and tell just what ailed me." A physician thoroughly familiar with a person's temperament, physical condition and previous history, can guess very shrewdly at the nature of his trouble and may be quite justified in assuring some nervous individual that he has not typhus fever, which has scarcely visited our country for a generation; or small-pox, against which he has been recently vaccinated, or some other equally improbable disease. But, with such exceptions, the physician who makes a diagnosis without a careful investigation—usually including physical, chemical or microscopical examinations, or all three—is taking heavy risks of being in error, and, if he habitually follows such a course of inaction, he is simply an impostor.

A. L. Benedict, M.D.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE NINE AT DELHI.

But if the schoolmaster of one school lay dead in the sunlight there was another, well able to teach a useful lesson, left alive; and his school remains for all time as a place where men may learn what men can do.

For about three hundred yards from the deserted college, about six hundred from the main-guard of the Cashmere gate, stood the magazine, to which the two young Englishmen, followed by a burlier one, had walked back quietly after one of them had remarked that he could hold his own. For there were gates to be barred, four walls to be seen to, and various other preparations to be made before the nine men who formed the garrison could be certain of holding their own. And their own meant much to others; for with the stores and the munitions of war safe the city might rise, but it would be unarmed; but with them at the mercy of the rabble every pitiful pillager could become a recruit to the disloyal regiments.

"The mine's about finished now, sir," said Conductor Buckley, saluting gravely as he looked critically down a line ending in the powder magazine. "And, askin' your pardon, sir, mightn't it be as well to settle a signal beforehand, sir; in case it's wanted? And, if you have no objection, sir, here's Sergeant Scully here, sir, saying he would look on it as a kind favor—"

A man with a spade glanced up a trifle anxiously for the answer as he went on with his work.

"All right! Scully shall fire it. If you finish it there in the middle by that little lemon-tree, we shan't forget the exact spot. Scully must see to having the portfire ready for himself. I'll give the word to you, as your gun will be near mine, and you can pass it on by raising your cap. That will do, I think."

"Nicely, sir," said Conductor Buckley, saluting again.

"I wish we had one more man," re-

marked the Head-of-the-nine, as he paused in passing a gun to look to something in its gear with swift professional eye. "I don't quite see how the nine of us are to work the ten guns."

"Oh! we'll manage somehow," said his second in command, "the native establishment—perhaps—"

George Willoughby, the Head-of-the-nine, looked at the sullen group of dark faces lounging distrustfully within those barred doors, and his own face grew stern. Well, if they would not work, they should at least stay and look on—stay till the end. Then he took out his watch.

"Twelve! The Meerut troops will be in soon—if they started at dawn." There was the finest inflection of scorn in his voice.

"They must have started," began his companion. But the tall figure with the grave young face was straining its eyes from the bastion they were passing; it gave upon the bridge of boats and the lessening white streak of road. He was looking for a cloud of dust upon it; but there was none.

"I hope so," he remarked as he went on. He gave a half-involuntary glance back, however, to the stunted lemon-bush. There was a black streak by it, which might be relied upon to give aid at dawn or dusk, or noon; high noon as it was now.

The chime of it echoed methodically as ever from the main-guard, making a cheerful young voice in the officer's room say, "Well! the enemy is passing, anyhow. The reliefs can't be long—if they started at dawn."

"If they had started when they ought to have started, they would have been here hours ago," said an older man, almost petulantly, as he rose and wandered to the door, to stand looking out on the baking court where his men—the two companies of the 54th, who had come down under his charge after those under Colonel Ripley had shot down their officers by the church-

were lounging about sullenly. These men might have shot him also but for the timely arrival of the two guns; might have shot at him, even now, but for those loyal 74th over-awing them. He turned and looked at some of the latter with a sort of envy. These men had come forward in a body when the regiment was called upon by its commandant to give honest volunteers to keep order in the city. What had they had, which his men had lacked? Nothing that he knew of. And then, inevitably, he thought of his six murdered friends and comrades, officers apparently as popular as he, whose bodies were lying in the next room waiting for a cart to remove them to the Ridge. For even Major Paterson, saddened, depressed, looked forward to decent sepulture for his comrades by and by—and by and by when the Meerut troops should arrive. And the half dozen or more of women up-stairs were comforting each other with the same hope, and crushing down the cry that it seemed an eternity, already, since they had waited for that little cloud of dust upon the Meerut road. But for that hope they might have gone Meerutward themselves; for the country was peaceful.

Even in Duryagunj, though by noon it was a charnelhouse, the score or so of men who kept cowards at bay in a miserable storehouse comforted themselves with the same hope; and women with the long languid eyes of one race, looked out of them with the temper and fire of the other, saying in soft staccato voices—"It will not be long now. They will be here soon, for they would start at dawn."

"They will come soon," said a young telegraph clerk coolly, as he stood by his instrument hoping for a welcome *kling*; sending finally, that bulletin northward which ended with the reluctant admission, "we must shut up." Must indeed; seeing that some ruffians rushed in and sabered him with his hands still on the levers.

"They will be here soon," agreed the compositors of the *Delhi Gazette* as they worked at the strangest piece of

printing the world is ever likely to see. That famous extra, wedged in between English election news, which told in bald journalese of a crisis, which became the crisis of their own lives before the whole edition was sent out.

But down in the palace Zeenut Maihl had been watching that white streak of road also, and as the hours passed, her wild impatience would let her watch it no longer. She paced up and down the queen's bastion like a caged tigress, leaving Hafzan to take her place at the lattice. No sign of an avenging army yet! Then the troopers' tale must be true. The hour of decisive action had come, it was slipping past, the king was in the hands of Ahsan-Oolah, and Elahi Buksh, whose face was set both ways, like the physician's. And she, helpless, half in disgrace, caged, veiled, screened, unable to lay hands on any one. Oh! why was she not a man! Why had she not a man to deal with. Her henna-stained nails bit into her palms as she clenched her hands, then in sheer childish passion tore off her hampering veil and, rolling it into a ball, flung it at the head of a drowsy eunuch in the outside arcade—the nearest thing to a man within her reach.

"No sign yet, Hafzan?" she asked fiercely.

"No sign, my queen," replied Hafzan, with an odd, derisive smile.

There was no sound in the room save that strange hum from the gardens outside, which at this hour of the day were generally wrapped in sun-drugged slumbers.

But the world beyond, toward which the old king's lusterless eyes looked as he lay on the river balcony, was sleepy, sun-drugged as ever. Through the tracery-set arches showed yellow stretches of sand and curving river, with tussocks of tall tiger-grass hiding the slender stems of the palm-trees which shot up here and there into the blue sky; blue with the yellow glaze upon it which comes from sheer sunlight. A row of *saringhi* players squatted in the room behind the balcony,

thrumming softly, so as to hide that strange hum of life which reached even here. For the king was writing a couplet and was in difficulties with a rhyme for *cartouche* (cartridge); since he was a stickler for form, holding that the keynote of the lines should jingle. And this couplet was to epitomize the situation on the other side of the *saringshies*. *Cartouche? Cartouche?* Suddenly he sat up. "Quick! send for Hussan Askuri; or stay!" he hesitated for an instant. Hussan Askuri would be with the queen, and no one ever admired his couplets as she did. How many hours was it since he had seen her? And what was the use of making couplets, if you were denied their just meed of praise? "Stay," he repeated, "I will go myself." It was a relief to feel himself on the way back to be led by the nose, and as they helped him across the intervening courtyard he kept repeating his treasure, imagining her face when she heard it.

Kuchch Chil-i-Room nahin kya, ya Shah-i-Roos, nahin

Jo Kuchch kya na sara se, so cartouche ne.

A couplet, which, lingering still in the mouths of the people, warrants the old poetaster's conceit of it, and—dog-anglicized—runs thus:—

Nor czar nor sultan made the conquest easy,

The only weapon was a cartridge greasy.

"The queen? Where is the queen?" fumed the old man, when he found an empty room instead of instant flattery; for he was, after all, the Great Moghul.

"She prays for the king's recovery," said Fátma readily. "I will inform her that her prayer is granted." But as she passed on her errand, she winked at a companion, who hid her giggle in her veil; for Grand Turk or not, the women hold all the trump cards in seclusion. So how was the old man to know that the one who came in radiant with exaggerated delight at his return, had been interviewing his eldest son behind decorous screens, and that she was

thanking Heaven piously for having sent him back to her apron string in the very nick of time. Sent him, and Hussan Askuri, and pen and ink within reach of her quick wit.

"That is the best couplet my lord has done," she said superbly. "That must be signed and sealed."

So must a paper be, which lay concealed in her bosom. And as she spoke she drew the signet ring lovingly, playfully from the king's finger and walked over to where the scribe sat crouched on the floor.

"Ink it well, Pir-jee," she said, keeping her back to the king; "the impression must be as immortal as the verse."

Despite the warning, a very keen ear might have detected a double sound, as if the seal had needed a second pressure. That was all.

So it came about that, half an hour or so afterward, the Head-of-the-nine at the magazine was looking contemptuously at a paper brought by the Palace Guards, and passed under the door, ordering its instant opening. George Willoughby laughed; but some of the Eight dashed people's impudence and cursed their cheek! Yet, after the laugh, the Head-of-the-nine walked over, yet another time, to that river bastion to look down at that white streak of road. How many times he had looked already, Heaven knows; but his grave face had grown graver, though it brightened again after a glance at the lemon-bush. The black streak there would not fail them.

"In the king's name open!" The demand came from Mirza Moghul himself this time, for the palace was without arms, without ammunition; and if they were to defend it, according to the queen's idea, against all comers, till there was time for other regiments to rebel, this matter of the magazine was important. Aboul-Bukr was with him, half-drunk, wholly incapable, but full of valor; for a scout sent by the queen had returned with the news that no English soldier was within ten miles of Delhi, and within the last half hour an ominous word had begun to pass from lip to lip in the city.

Helpless!

The masters were helpless. Past two o'clock and not a blow in revenge. Helpless! The word made cowards brave, and brave folk cowards. And many who had spent the long hours in peeping from their closed doors at each fresh clatter in the street, hoping it was the master, looked at each other with startled eyes.

Helpless! Helpless!

The echo of the thought reached the main-guard, still in touch with the outside world, whence, as the day dragged by, fresh tidings of danger drifted down from the Ridge, where men, women, and children lay huddled helplessly in the Flagstaff Tower, watching the white streak of road. It seems like a bad dream, that hopeless, paralyzing strain of the eyes for a cloud of dust.

But the echo won no way into the magazine, for the simple reason that it knew it was not hopeless. It could hold its own.

"Shoot that man Kureem Buksh, please, Forrest, if he comes bothering round the gate again. He is really very annoying. I have told him several times to keep back; so it is no use his trying to give information to the people outside."

For the Head-of-the-nine was very courteous. "Scaling ladders?" he echoed, when a native superintendent told him that the princes, finding him obdurate, had gone to send some down from the palace. "Oh! by all means let them scale if they like."

Some of the Eight, hearing the reply, smiled grimly. By all means let the files walk into the parlor; for if that straight streak of road was really going to remain empty, the fuller the four square walls round the lemon-bush could be, the better.

"That's them, sir," said one of the Eight cheerfully, as a grating noise rose above the hum outside. "That's the grapnels." And as he turned to his particular gun of the ten, he told himself that he would nick the first head or two with his rifle and keep the grape for the

bunches. So he smiled at his own little joke and waited. All the Nine waited, each to a gun, and of course there was one gun over, but, as the head of them had said, that could not be helped. And so the rifle-triggers clicked, and the stocks came up to the shoulders; and then?—then there was a sort of laugh, and some one said under his breath, "Well, I'm blowed!" And his mind went back to the streets of London, and he wondered how many years it was since he had seen a lamplighter. For up ropes and poles, on roofs and out-houses, somehow, clinging like limpets, running like squirrels along the top of the wall, upsetting the besiegers, monopolizing the ladders, was a rush, not of attack but of escape! Let what fool who liked scale the wall and come into the parlor of the Nine, those who knew the secret of the lemon-bush were off. No safety there beside the Nine! No life-insurance possible while that lay ready to their hand!

Would he ever see a lamplighter again? The trivial thought was with the bearded man who stood by his gun, the real self in him, hidden behind the reserve of courage, asking other questions too, as he waited for the upward rush of fugitives to change into a downward rush of foes worthy of good powder and shot.

It came at last—and the grape came too, mowing the intruders down in bunches. And these were no mere rabble of the city. They were the pick of the trained mutineers swarming over the wall to stand on the outhouse roofs and fire at the Nine; and so, pressed in gradually from behind, coming nearer and nearer, dropping to the ground in solid ranks, firing in platoons; so by degrees hemming in the Nine, hemming in the lemon-bush.

But the Nine were busy with the guns. They had to be served quickly, and that left no time for thought. Then the smoke, and the flashes, and the yells, and the curses, filled up the rest of the world for the present.

"This is the last round, I'm afraid, sir; we shan't have time for another."

said a warning voice from the Nine, and the head of them looked round quietly. Not more than forty yards now from the guns; barely time, certainly, unless they had had that other man! So he nodded. And the last round pealed out as recklessly, as defiantly, as if there had been a hundred to follow—and a hundred thousand—a hundred million. But one of the gunners threw down his fuse ere his gun recoiled, and ran in lightly toward the lemon-tree, so as to be ready for the favor he had begged.

"We're about full up, sir," came the warning voice again, as the rest of the Nine fell back amid a desultory rattle of small arms. The tinkle of the last church bell, as it were, warning folk to hurry up—a last invitation to walk into the parlor of the Nine.

"We're about full up, sir," came that one voice.

"Wait half a second," came another, and the Head-of-the-nine ran lightly to that river bastion for a last look down the white streak for that cloud of dust.

How sunny it was! How clear! How still! that world beyond the smoke, beyond the flashes, beyond the deafening yells and curses. He gave one look at it, one short look—only one—then turned to face his own world, the world he had to keep. Full up indeed! No pyrotechnist could hope for better audience in so small a place.

"Now, if you please!"

Some one in the thick of the smoke and the flashes heard the yells and curses and raised his cap—a last salute, as it were, to the school and schoolmaster. A final dismissal to the scholars—a thousand of them or so—about to finish their lesson of what men can do to hold their own. And some one else, standing beside the lemon-bush, bent over that faithful black streak, then ran for dear life from the hissing of that snake of fire flashing to the powder magazine.

A faint sob, a whispering gasp of horror, came from the thousand and odd; but above it came a roar, a rush, a rending. A little puff of white smoke went skyward first, and then

slowly, majestically, a great cloud of rose-red dust grew above the ruins, to hang—a corona glittering in the slant sunbeams—over the school, the schoolmasters, and the scholars.

It hung there for hours. To those who know the story it seems to hang there still—a bloody pall for the many; for the Nine, a crown indeed.

From "On the Face of the Waters; a Tale of the Mutiny." By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.50.

THE FALLACIES OF SOCIALISM.

At the same time that it is biologically fatal, the doctrine of the socialists is psychologically absurd. It implies an impossible mental structure.

A community which fulfils their ideal must be composed of men having sympathies so strong that those who, by their greater powers, achieve greater benefits, willingly surrender the excess to others. The principle they must gladly carry out, is that the labor they expend shall not bring to them its full return; but that from its return shall be habitually taken such part as may make the condition of those who have not worked as efficiently equal to their own condition. To have superior abilities shall not be of any advantage in so far as material results are concerned, but shall be a disadvantage, in that it involves extra effort and waste of body or brain without profit. The intensity of fellow feeling is to be such as to cause lifelong self-sacrifice. Such being the character of the individual considered as benefactor, let us now ask what is to be his character considered as beneficiary.

Amid minor individual differences the general moral nature must be regarded as the same in all. We may not suppose that along with smaller intellectual and physical powers there ordinarily goes emotional degradation. We must suppose that the less able like the more able are extremely sympathetic. What then is to be the mental attitude of the less able when perpetu-

ally receiving doles from the more able? We are obliged to assume such feeling in each as would prompt him to constant unpaid efforts on behalf of his fellows, and yet such lack of this feeling as would constantly let his fellows rob themselves for his benefit. The character of all is to be so ignoble that it continuously lets others sacrifice to self. These traits are contradictory. The implied mental constitution is an impossible one.

Still more manifest does its impossibility become when we recognize a further factor in the problem—love of offspring. Within the family parental affection joins sympathy in promoting self-sacrifice, and makes it easy, and indeed pleasurable, to surrender to others a large part of the products of labor. But such surrender made to those within the family group is at variance with a like surrender made to those outside the family group. Hence the equalization of means prescribed by communistic arrangements, implies a moral nature such that the superior willingly stints his own progeny to aid the progeny of the inferior. He not only loves his neighbor as himself but he loves his neighbor's children as his own. The parental instinct disappears. One child is to him as good as another.

Of course the advanced socialist, otherwise communist, has his solution. Parental relations are to be superseded, and children are to be taken care of by the State. The method of nature is to be replaced by a better method. From the lowest forms of life to the highest, nature's method has been that of devolving the care of the young on the adults who produced them—a care at first shown feebly and unobtrusively, but becoming gradually more pronounced, until, as we approach the highest types of creatures, the lives of parents, prompted by feelings increasingly intense, are more and more devoted to the rearing of offspring. But just as, in the way above shown, socialists would suspend the natural relation between effort and benefit, so would they suspend the

natural relations between the instinctive actions of parents and the welfare of progeny. The two great laws in the absence of either of which organic evolution would have been impossible, are both to be repealed!

When, from considering the ideal human nature required for the harmonious working of institutions partially or completely communistic—a nature having mutually exclusive traits—we pass to the consideration of the real human nature exhibited around us, the irrationality of socialistic hopes becomes still more conspicuous. Observe what is done by these men who are expected to be so regardful of one another's interests.

If, in our days, the name "birds of prey and of passage," which Burke gave to the English in India at the time of Warren Hastings' trial, when auditors wept at the accounts of the cruelties committed, is not applicable as it was then; yet the policy of unscrupulous aggression continues. As remarked by an Indian officer, Deputy Surgeon-General Paske, all our conquests and annexations are made from base and selfish motives alone. Major Raverty of the Bombay army condemns "the rage shown of late years for seizing what does not, and never did, belong to us, because the people happen to be weak and very poorly armed while we are strong and provided with the most excellent weapons." Resistance to an intruding sportsman or a bullying explorer, or disobedience to a resident, or even refusal to furnish transport-coolies, serves as a sufficient reason for attack, conquest, and annexation. Everywhere the usual succession runs thus: Missionaries, envoys to native rulers, concessions made by them, quarrels with them, invasions of them, appropriations of their territories. First, men are sent to teach the heathens Christianity, and then Christians are sent to mow them down with machine-guns! So-called savages who, according to numerous travellers behave well until they are ill-treated, are taught

good conduct by the so-called civilized, who presently subjugate them—who inculcate rectitude and then illustrate it by taking their lands. The policy is simple and uniform—bibles first, bomb-shells after. Such being the doings abroad, what are the feelings at home? Honors, titles, emoluments, are showered on the aggressors. A traveler who makes light of men's lives is regarded as a hero and fêted by the upper classes; while the lower classes give an ovation to a leader of filibusters. "British power," "British pluck," "British interests," are words on every tongue; but of justice there is no speech, no thought. See then the marvellous incongruity. Out of men who do these things and men who applaud them, is to be formed a society pervaded by the sentiment of brotherhood! It is hoped that by administrative sleight-of-hand may be organized a community in which self-seeking will abdicate and fellow-feeling reign in its place!

Passing over, for brevity's sake, similar and often worse doings of other superior peoples who present themselves to inferior peoples as models to be imitated—doings abroad which are in like manner applauded at home—let us, instead of further contemplating external conduct, contemplate internal conduct. The United States has local civil wars carried on by artisans, miners, etc., who will not let others work at lower wages than they themselves demand; they wreck and burn property, waylay and shoot antagonists, attempt to poison wholesale those who dissent. There are, according to Judge Parker, lynchings at the rate of three per day; there is in the West "shooting at sight;" and the daily average of homicides throughout the States has risen in five years from twelve per day to thirty per day; while in the South occur fatal fights with pistols in courts of justice. Again, we have the corruption of the New York police—universal bribery to purchase immunity or to buy off punishment. Add to this the general admiration for the unscrupulous man of business, ap-

plauded as "smart." And now it is hoped that a nation in which self-regard leads to these startling results, may forthwith be changed into a nation in which regard for others is supreme!

No less marvellous is the incongruity between anticipations and probabilities in the land pre-eminently socialistic—Germany. Students gash one another's faces in sword-fights; so gaining their emperor's approval. Duelling, legally a crime and opposed in the extremest degree to the current creed, is insisted on by military rule; so that an officer who declines is expelled from the army—nay, worse, one who in a court of justice is proved to have been falsely charged is bound to challenge those who charged him. Yet in a country where the spirit of revenge is supreme over religion, law, and equity, it is expected not only that men will at once cease to sacrifice others in satisfaction of their "honor," but will at once be ready to sacrifice their own interests to further the interests of their fellows!

Then in France, if the sentiment of private revenge, though dominant, is shown in ways less extreme, the sentiment of national revenge is a political passion. Enormous military burdens are borne in the hope of wiping out "dishonor" in blood. Meanwhile the republic has brought little purification of the empire. Within a short time we have had official corruption displayed in the selling of decorations; there have been the Panama scandals, implicating various political personages—men of means pushing their projects at the cost of thousands impoverished or ruined; and, more recently still, have come the blackmailing revelations—the persecuting of people, even to the death, to obtain money by threatened disclosures or false charges. Nevertheless, while among the select men chosen by the nation to rule there is so much delinquency, and while the specially cultured who conduct the public journals act in these flagitious ways, it is supposed that the nation as a whole will, by reorganiza-

tion, be immediately changed in character, and a maleficent selfishness changed into a beneficent unselfishness.

It would not be altogether irrational to expect that some of the peaceful Indian hill-tribes, who display the virtue of forgiveness without professing it, or those Papuan Islanders among whom the man chosen as chief uses his property to help poorer men out of their difficulties, might live harmoniously under socialistic arrangements; but can we reasonably expect this of men, who, pretending to believe that they should love their neighbors as themselves, here rob their fellows and there shoot them, while hoping to slay wholesale men of other blood?

While the evils which resulted from the old modes of regulating labor, not experienced by present or recent generations, have been forgotten, the evils accompanying the new mode are keenly felt, and have aroused the desire for a mode which is in reality a modified form of the old mode. There is to be a reinstitution of *status* not under individual masters but under the community as master. No longer possessing themselves and making the best of their powers, individuals are to be possessed by the State; which, while it supports them, is to direct their labors. Necessarily there is implied a vast and elaborate administrative body—regulators of small groups, subject to higher regulators, and so on through successively superior grades up to a central authority, which co-ordinates the multitudinous activities of the society in their kinds and amounts. Of course the members of this directive organization must be adequately paid by workers; and the tacit assumption is that the required payment will be, at first and always, much less than that which is taken by the members of the directive organization now existing—employers and their staffs; while submission to the orders of these State officials will be more tolerable than submission to the orders of those who pay wages for work.

A complete parallelism exists between such a social structure and the structure of an army. It is simply a civil regimentation parallel to the military regimentation; and it establishes an industrial subordination parallel to the military subordination. In either case the rule is, Do your task and take your rations. In the working organization as in the fighting organization, obedience is requisite for maintenance of order, as well as for efficiency, and must be enforced with whatever rigor is found needful. Doubtless in the one case as in the other, multitudinous officers, grade over grade, having in their hands all authority and all means of coercion, would be able to curb that aggressive egoism illustrated above, which causes the failures of small socialistic bodies; idleness, carelessness, quarrels, violence, would be prevented, and efficient work insisted upon. But when from regulation of the workers by the bureaucracy we turn to the bureaucracy itself, and ask how it is to be regulated, there is no such satisfactory answer. Owning, in trust for the community, all the land, the capital, the means of transit and communication, as well as whatever police and military force had to be maintained, this all-powerful official organization, composed of men characterized on the average by an aggressive egoism like that which the workers display, but not like them under any higher control, must inevitably advantage itself at the cost of the governed; the elective powers of the governed having soon failed to prevent it; since, as is perpetually shown, a large unorganized body cannot cope with a small organized one. Under such conditions there would be an increasing deduction from the aggregate produce by these new ruling classes, a widening separation of them from the ruled, and a growing assumption of superior rank.

From "The Principles of Sociology," Vol. III.
By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Company,
Publishers.

THE SISTERS OF BALGOWRIE.

Charteris rode away in the splendid morning sunshine, and Lucie and Henrietta stood on the steps to watch him going. His farewells had been quite unemotional; he only pressed Lucie's hand a moment longer than Henrietta's.

The sisters stood together watching till the last glimpse of horse and rider had disappeared. Neither spoke, but Henrietta passed her arm round Lucie's neck. Faithless Lucie! the caress only brought to her mind the remembrance of another, the same, but so different, and her tears fell fast. She pushed away Henrietta's arm and sprang down the steps and along the orchard walk till she reached the old wall where she had stood the night before with Charteris.

"He is away—he is away! and not even Harrie can make up for him," she cried. And, leaning her head on the old wall, she tasted the bitterness of first parting. Dan was gone—had ridden away into the great busy world in which he played his graceful, daring part; while she stayed here, penned up alone in this garden, as much out of his world as if she were in the moon and he on earth. Every step of his horse was at that moment carrying him farther and farther away from her, into the unknown and far away, where she might not follow—whence he would not come for—oh, centuries! And the whole world was black and dull, except just that happy spot where he chanced to be. Lucie wept on till she was too tired to weep any more, then she dried her eyes and smiled a faint, watery smile, remembering that, after all, it was happiness, not grief, that she had found. Then she thought of Henrietta with a pang of self-reproach, and the thought sent her racing down the orchard towards the house.

Henrietta, who did not love the sunlight as Lucie did, had gone indoors. She was sitting in the library as usual, a book open before her, her face supported on her hand; but as Lucie came nearer, she saw that the book was all blotted with tears. Henrietta, it is

true, was reading at that moment a hard lesson in the book of life. As was their habit, the sisters did not waste words. Lucie knelt down beside Henrietta, and they cried together silently. It was quite as sad a thought to Lucie as to Henrietta that some one from the outside had stepped in between them. At last Henrietta said pensively:—

"You are not my little sister any longer—you are as old as I am all of a sudden."

At this Lucie rose with great dignity, saying, "Older, Harrie—I am in love—what we have heard so much about!"

And then they both laughed, and Henrietta said in her heart, "Lucie is a child still!"

So Lucie was child enough to be delighted for a time with her new sensation.

But as you will sometimes see a child that is smitten by some sad and wasting illness play about merrily enough at first, then become daily quieter, as the burden weighs heavier and heavier in its flesh, till at last all the games are forgotten and the toys are put away—so Lucie became very sober after a time, and her usual occupations seemed to have lost all zest for her. She did not sing as of yore over her work, and would sometimes let her diligent needle fall unregarded on to her lap for a minute or two, and sit gazing out vacantly into the garden. Then all the little incidents of Dan's visit that it had been her delight to go over in conversation with Henrietta became prohibited subjects, and gradually even his name died out of their talk; for, alas! Dan seemed to have forgotten all about Balgowrie.

Henrietta was distracted. She tried by every art in her power to interest and amuse Lucie, but, after all, what had she to offer as a balancing interest to this great absorbing one that filled her sister's heart? Abstract subjects demand before everything that an undivided mind be brought to their consideration, and philosophy and mathematics roused no enthusiasm in Lucie when another and a very concrete subject filled the foreground of her mind.

The only interest she found in anything was in Maggie Pelham's letters. They were a slight link of connection with Charteris, and welcome on that score.

At last Henrietta could bear it no longer. She must speak to some one—get some help. It was a simple matter in one way, for she had no difficulty as to who should be her adviser—there was only Dr. Cornelius.

So she walked down to the Manse one afternoon "with a book." But the book was a transparent excuse, as Dr. Cornelius was quick to see when she turned her troubled eyes to his.

"There is something wrong, Harrie," he said.

Henrietta, who never could say a thing like other people, did not tell her errand at once. She entered upon the subject in one of her long-winded sentences, that were like the preparatory remarks of her favorite novelists.

"Sir," she said, "I have been coming to conclusions regarding love. I believe now, what I have disputed with you, that it is one of the vital forces of the world."

"Ah, you have come to that conclusion, Harrie? Well, you never come to conclusions without having good grounds for them—may I inquire further?"

But here Henrietta broke down. She clasped her hands in a queer tragic attitude she had, just like a stage posture rather overdone, and turned to Dr. Cornelius with streaming eyes.

"Oh, sir, it is Lucie—my dearest, my own Lucie. She cares for that man, and for no other thing on earth. You must have noticed that she grows thinner and paler every day. I am breaking my heart over her."

"Tut, tut, Harrie, you take matters too seriously; 'tis a childish complaint we all pass through," said Dr. Cornelius lightly, and he patted Henrietta's shoulder encouragingly.

"But she lies awake half the night, and weeps and weeps when she thinks I do not hear her; and she does not care about the pigeons, or the hens, or her lark any longer."

"We have all lain awake—no—I believe you have not—I have, many a time, though, and see me now," said Dr. Cornelius. He certainly had not suffered materially from his vigils; Henrietta allowed herself to feel comforted by a glance at his smooth face, where even fifty and odd years had written no wrinkles as yet.

Seeing her a little reassured, Dr. Cornelius began to look at the other side of the picture.

"It is not a very wholesome process all the same, Henrietta," he said: "I agree with you there—Lucie looks ill and thin—she requires change before anything. Would nothing induce your mother to send her away from home?"

"You know my mother, sir," said Henrietta hopelessly.

"I only know one thing of her, that you cannot really calculate exactly upon her actions in any way; there is just a fractional chance that if you proposed this at the right moment, Mrs. Marjorybanks might suddenly consent to it."

"And where would Lucie go? We have no friends that I know of."

"To London—where her heart is—to your friend Mrs. Pelham. Henrietta, I shall write to Mrs. Pelham myself about this, with your consent."

"I fear, I fear, sir, it is useless!" and then with a sudden lowering of her voice and a passionate, despairing movement of her hands, "Only God can help us, sir—our mother is mad!"

"My dear, my dear!" said Dr. Cornelius soothingly, but to himself he ejaculated, "Has she only found that out now?" Aloud he said, "Now we play the parson—you should not speak of that aid as the last resort."

"I have only two—you and God—I came to you first," said Henrietta simply. She had hewn out some rudimentary religious beliefs for herself, but she was so destitute of conventional religiosity that her expressions might sometimes, as in the present instance, seem to savor of irreverence. But irreverence was very far from Henrietta's nature. After she had said this,

she stood looking at Dr. Cornelius silently.

"Cornelius," she said suddenly (it was the first time she had ever spoken his name—and he started to hear it from her lips)—"Cornelius, I never like you so little as when you say things of that sort."

"Of which sort, Harrie?"

"Playing the parson? I know enough to know that if there is a God you should not make a joke of serving him; and if there is not, or if you think there is not, you should scorn to live on the teaching of lies."

Henrietta spoke with eyes that flashed and a ringing voice, and Dr. Cornelius, watching her, felt a throb of triumph at his heart. He listened to her quietly, then stepped forward and took her hand in his.

"One cares something for the man one finds such heavy fault with, Harrie," he said. "And since when did you become old enough to rebuke me by my Christian name?"

"I do not know—since we seemed to become the same age," said Henrietta, looking into his face with her steady eyes.

Dr. Cornelius hesitated for a moment—had the right time come at last? Then he took Henrietta's face between his hands and turned it up towards his own, and kissed her lips.

"We are not teacher and pupil any longer, Harrie, but man and woman—I found that out some time ago. I was waiting to see when you would make the discovery."

"'Tis very pleasant, sir."

"And will you find it very pleasant to marry me, Harrie?" There was a long pause then.

"Yes, I think I shall—but Lucie?"

The lover is proverbially impatient, so perhaps it was not surprising that Dr. Cornelius should be provoked at this.

"Lucie, Lucie, Lucie!" he cried. "Can you never forget her for a moment? This is not the time to think of her, Harrie—surely your own affairs and mine might occupy you for a little?"

He could not be angry with Henrietta, but he came very near it just then.

"My affairs and Lucie's are the same, I think," said Henrietta, but Dr. Cornelius questioned this statement firmly.

"No, no, Harrie; you must make up your mind to take your separate ways at last. She has got her lover, and you have got yours. Your affairs are very different, instead of being identical."

He had risen, and stood now leaning against the mantelshelf. Henrietta rose also. She was playing a part that was quite new to her, and in which she did not feel easy as yet. She was not one of the women to whom love-making comes by nature; she found no sweet words waiting on her tongue, and the very fulness of her feeling hindered its expression. To help out her halting words, she came up to Dr. Cornelius, placing her hands on his shoulders with a quick, gentle movement, and looking into his face.

"You must not think, sir," she stammered out. "You—you are my—my—lover—but oh, Lucie is my very life!"

He laughed at her shyness, stroking her hair, and looking deep into her eyes to read their baffling honesty, that had never had a thought to hide. "There's not one woman in a thousand could stand that test, Harrie," he said, for she turned up her face to his like a child.

"You have not said anything about Lucie," said Henrietta, and at this Dr. Cornelius laughed more loudly than before.

"Ah, Harrie, Harrie, you will never act like other women—never! I can swear that you have just heard the first words of love-making you have ever listened to, and instead of being fluttered by them, you return to your starting-point as if nothing had happened! So it appears we must settle Lucie's affairs first?"

"If we did, I could then think more undisturbedly about my own," said Henrietta.

Dr. Cornelius made a grimace and shrugged his shoulders.

"Madam is business-like," he said.

"Pray be seated, then, and let us finish the first subject before we begin on the second. I have only one advice to give. Send Lucie to London. I shall arrange it. Give me three weeks or so, Henrietta, and I will see if it can be done. Keep your mind easy about Lucie—'Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love,' as your favorite Shakespeare has it."

"Yes, men," said Henrietta curtly.

"And women less so—women are not so constant as they are represented to be. We all console ourselves, and so do they. Now are you at leisure to discuss our personal affairs?"

"Yes, I am; but you must speak, if you please, sir, for I am so unaccustomed to conversation like this that I cannot say what is in my heart—you must understand it."

"Oh, love is easily learned. Come and say, 'I love you, Cornelius;' surely that is easy enough, and it is all I wish."

"I have never done anything but love you for all these years; I do not need to tell you."

"Then will you leave Lucie and come to me?"

"Yes, some time. You could not ask me to leave her now."

"Remember my grey hairs, Harrie. I shall have a shorter lease of happiness than most men."

"Then it must be all the deeper," said Henrietta. "If we had met each other when you were young—the same age with me—I could never have felt as I do to you now. Why, you have been my father and brother and lover all in one, and I love you with the love of all the three."

"I used to think you were not meant for marriage, Harrie—you are not the domestic angel woman—but I am losing that impression now."

"I—I have one or two womanly feelings, sir," said Henrietta reflectively. "I cannot love sewing and baking, but really my heart is not hard; I care for a few things besides study."

"And you are the one woman in the world for me. I love your inky fingers and your learned sentences beyond all

the womanly virtues of the veriest Dorcas. Ah, and some day I shall be proud of you! some day the world will hear of you, Harrie, and the learned sentences will come to something."

"I doubt if I shall ever do much; I think that God has shut in my life between walls."

"But you are going to break through the walls. You will come out into the world with me, dear, and forget the prison-house, and see men and things, new and strange, and it will be like the entering a new life."

Henrietta's great eyes glowed, and her queer, expressive face was lighted up with pleasure. She sat gazing into the fire, and repeated his words slowly in the silence that followed:—

"I shall see men and things new and strange, . . . and it will be like the entering a new life."

From "The Green Graves of Balgownie." By Jane Helen Findlater. Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.25.

AT THE PARADOR DEL CARMEN.

We entered the pueblo with crackling whip. Not a soul was to be seen until the solitary, slouchy figure of the inn-keeper emerged from under the mat covering the door of the pasada. *Al Parador del Carmen, Casa Gregorio.* Gregorio, hardly able to express his astonishment at the unusual sight of a guest, looked at the horses and said nothing. But the driver kindly ventured an introduction. "He is for you, Gregorio." "Yes," I added, "and for some time, I hope, Don Gregorio, if I may have a bed in your house." A "don" well placed never fails to please a Spaniard, even if he be that most independent and despotic of beings—an inn-keeper of low order. "Of course, Señor, why not?" and upon these slight preliminaries I followed Gregorio under the straw curtain.

My first look at the Parador del Carmen did my Quixote self good, for it was the most picturesque place imagi-

nable. Here at last I had plunged from civilization and nineteenth century to the condition of ancient days, and apparently reached bottom. "Apparently" is said advisedly, for later on I was to see infinitely more primitive scenes. However, this first sensation at passing from the outside glare to that smelly, purplish interior, comfortable, but plentiful of queer, dirty features, was intense.

After the manner of its ancestor, the Moorish caravanseral, this *posada*, like all others, was composed of a series of irregular constructions built around a courtyard. In the room in which I found myself the life of the place centred. Walls and pillars rose in confusion and arches opened unexpected vistas into dirty, odorous emptiness, streaked by stray blades of sunlight. Overhead close rows of blackened tree-trunks, forming the ceiling, were concealed under cobweb garlands, and hundreds of flies droned a ceaseless, loud murmur like the strings of a symphony, broken in upon by recurrent snores from limp bodies coiled in corners on the bare earth and by the sharp, insistent munching of the mules at their forage in the stables.

Following Gregorio up-stairs I hastily arranged for the exclusive use of a little whitewashed room, fitted with three beds with bulky mattresses rolled on the boards—for here springs are unknown, of course—at the exorbitant price of ten cents a day—it was policy to propitiate this man Gregorio, the *amo*, the soul of this establishment—and then hurried down again to enchantment! The fates were kind, for with the help of three females, a boy, and an old dilapidated character, a sort of buffoon, the *cojo*, necessary function of all *posadas*, whose duties are to run errands, amuse the household and be the butt of jokes, a complicated tortilla was slowly manufactured. In a little dark room, the key of whose carefully locked door dangled at his belt, the *amo* went to fetch the ingredients which composed it—eggs, potatoes, onions, herbs, and ham, besides I

know not what. When it was finally served on a bench and famished Panza seated before it, every one came slouching by. Was it that the strong odor of crude olive oil was too attractive to be resisted or that the unusual spectacle of a man eating with fork as well as with knife could not be missed? Whatever it may have been they, not unlike a pack of small dogs watching another dog munch his bone, sat or stood around observing each disappearing morsel till the oppression of these glittering eyes steadfastly fixed on my movements made me feel that something was expected and must be done. I had not failed to offer a share of my tortilla to one and all before touching it, and now the psychological moment had come which must transform the silent watchers into friends, or else life would be a failure for the next few days. With my best manner I offered a draught of wine around. It was refused, a customary denial, that, though going against the grain, is nevertheless religiously practised by high and low. A second and more familiar offer, "*Vamos, vamos Hombres*," ("Come on, men") brought each one to the mark. Then as the pig-skin bottle passed from hand to hand the place became alive. Cigarettes were lit, remarks ventured, questions asked and answered, and the song of the flies became but a distant accompaniment to human voices as the world of Argamasilla began unfolding itself before me.

Very like our world it was, yet characteristic in a hundred little and big ways. The manner of those half Moors, who like the natives of southern Italy are born for finessing, and love to reach their ends by slow, roundabout approaches, was fine to watch. After learning what they already knew, that I was a stranger (a term which applies to any one not a Manchegan) they dangled a variety of bait that should tempt me to disclose what manner of man I was and what I had come for. One imagines that if cats could, they would talk in just the way these people did—slowly, with the same imperturbable glare in their

fixed, brilliant eyes. Figuratively speaking, these muleteers and inn folk ventured cautiously one paw here, one there, retreated, advanced, till enough facts having been secured, the pretty game ended. Then having learned what I wished to do, every one fell to giving me the benefit of his ideas and experiences. The most interesting were those of the chief courtier of the *amo*, a worthless, lazy chap, marked out by a greasy old cap sporting the initials of the bull ring P. D. T. (*plaza de toros*) which proclaimed the wearer a lover and connoisseur of the great game.

"Yes, Señor, Don Quixote was a funny chap. It's a great book though and known to the whole world, even to the heathen and to the English and the others. I read it and found it droll reading, but the best of it I did not get. There is much in it for persons of learning. They all say who know that the science of the world is there, and that when you understand it you can get as rich as you want. But I am ignorant and was only amused. Don Quixote was a very ridiculous fellow surely! Think of his taking those wenches at the Venta for castle maidens! Jesú, what an ass he was!" "And Sancho, you say? Well, he is like you and me, he wants to eat and sleep and get along with everybody in a nice way. But then I don't know the book. There is something in it I can't get hold of which makes priests and the like read it over and over. Don Federigo, a lawyer, who lives now in Madrid, says there is not another book like it, so full of politics and everything."

"Sí, Señor, Argamasilla is full of Quixote. There is his portrait in the church, and his house was torn down only a short time ago, and here is the gentleman (a general bow of the company to the citified-looking young man who then entered the place) who has installed a fine bodega on its site, as perfect a bodega as you have seen in Madrid. And we'll show you also the prison where Cervantes wrote the book."

A moderate distribution of wine brought a score of idlers and notables, who kept up the discussion on Quixote. And in such pleasant manner the rest of the day was passed. Late in the evening I sat with the *amo* in the darkness outside the door, under the sombre, lapis-lazuli sky clustered with stars. A trembling murmur, like the heaving of a calm sea, intensified all accidental noises, the barking of dogs, the jingling of the bells of the mules hurrying to their night's shelter. . .

Turning in at about ten the son of the *amo*, eighteen years old, is stretching himself on the floor over which he has spread his mantle. Under his head by way of pillow is the harness of his mules. "Why doesn't he sleep in a bed?" I inquired. "It's no use," says the *amo*. "At midnight he'll have to go to the fields and work. You see this is harvest-time and we must work day and night." I found out that "we" meant every one else in the household but my host.

From "On the Trail of Don Quixote." By August F. Jaccaci. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. Price, \$2.50.

LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE.

" . . . It will legitimately interest those who like to know the causes, or if these may not be known, the sources, of things, to learn that the father and mother of the first poet of his race in our language were negroes without admixture of white blood. The father escaped from slavery in Kentucky to freedom in Canada, while there was still no hope of freedom otherwise; but the mother was freed by the events of the Civil War, and came North to Ohio, when her son was born at Dayton, and grew up with such chances and mischances for mental training as everywhere befall the children of the poor. He has told me that his father picked up the trade of a plasterer, and when he had taught himself to read, loved chiefly to read history. The boy's

mother shared his passion for literature, with a special love of poetry, and after the father died she struggled on in more than the poverty she had shared with him. She could value the faculty which her son showed first in prose sketches and attempts at fiction, and she was proud of the praise and kindness they won him among the people of the town, where he has never been without the warmest and kindest friends. . . . What struck me in reading Mr. Dunbar's poetry was what had already struck his friends in Ohio and Indiana, in Kentucky and Illinois. . . . So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it logically. . . . I thought his merits positive and not comparative: and I held that if his black poems had been written by a white man, I should not have found them less admirable. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all."—W. D. Howells in "Introduction."

ACCOUNTABILITY.

Folks ain't got no right to censuah othah folks about dey habits;
Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fu' de rabbits.
Him dat built de gread big mountains hollered out de little valleys,
Him dat made de streets an driveways wasn't shamed to make de alleys.
We is all constructed diff'ent, d'ain't no two of us de same:
We can't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes, ef we'se bad we ain't to blame.
Ef we'se good, we needn't show off, case you bet it ain't ouah doin',
We gits into su'ttain channels dat we jes' cain't he'p pu'suin'.

But we all fits into places dat no othah ones could fill.
An' we does the things we has to, big 'er little, good 'er ill.
John cain't tek de place o' Henry, Su an' Sally ain't alike;
Bass ain't nothin' like a suckah, chub ain't nothin' like a pike.

When you come to think about it, how it's all planned out it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, don't hit's somefin' dat's intended;
Don't keer whut you does, you has to, an' hit shaly beats de dickens,—
Viney, go put on de kettle, I got one o' mastah's chickens.

RETORT.

"Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart,
"Indeed, the greatest of fools thou art,
To be led astray by the trick of a tress,
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart."
And my heart was in sore distress.
Then Phyllis came by, and her face was fair,
The light gleamed soft on her raven hair;
And her lips were blooming a rosy red.
Then my heart spoke out with a right bold air:—
"Thou art worse than a fool, O head!"

A COQUETTE CONQUERED.

Yes, my ha't's ez ha'd ez stone—
Go 'way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.
No, I ain't gwine change my min'—
Ain't gwine ma'y you—nuffin' de kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah?
Go ma'y Phiny; whut I keer?
Oh, you needn't mou'n an' cry—
I don't keer how soon you die.

Got a present! What you got?
Somef'n fu' de pan er pot!
Huh! yo' sass do sholy beat—
Think I don't git 'nough to eat?

Whut's dat un'neaf yo' coat?
Loaks des lak a little shoat,
'Tain't no possum! Bless de Lamb!
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me; whut you say?
Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go 'way!
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat's de gal's whut ma'ies you?
Come back, Sam; now whah's you gwine?
Co'se you knows dat possum's mine!

From "Lyrics of Lowly Life." By Paul Laurence Dunbar. With an introduction by W. D. Howells. Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.25.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Addresses Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy. By Lord Leighton. Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers.
- Ambassador of Christ, The. By Cardinal Gibbons. John Murphy & Co., Publishers, Baltimore.
- Ancient India; Its Language and Religions. By Prof. H. Oldenburg, Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company.
- Bab-Ed-Din; The Door of True Religion. By Ibrahim G. Kheiralla, D.D., Chicago. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Publishers.
- Balkans, The; Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro. By William Miller. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.
- Book of the Hills, The. New Poems and Ballads. By O. C. Auringer, Troy. Henry Stowell & Son, Publishers.
- Bowen, Lord; A Biographical Sketch. By Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham. John Murray, Publisher.
- Children, The. By Alice Meynell. John Lane, Publisher.
- Christianity and Idealism. By J. Watson. The Macmillan Company, Publishers.
- Forty-One Years in India. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. Richard Bentley & Son, Publishers.
- Himalayas, In and Beyond The. By S. J. Stone. Edward Arnold, Publisher.
- Horace's Art of Poetry, An English Paraphrase Of. By Abby Osborne Russell. W. R. Jenkins, Publisher.
- Lampe De Psyche, La. By Leon de Tinseau. William R. Jenkins, Publisher.
- Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. By Abram C. Dayton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.
- On the Face of the Waters; A Tale of the Mutiny. By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Our Seven Homes; Autobiographical Reminiscences of the late Mrs. Rundle Charles. John Murray, Publisher.
- Pennsylvania Colony and Commonwealth. By Sydney George Fisher. Henry T. Coates & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Pickle the Spy. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers.
- Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare, The. By H. N. Ellacombe. Edward Arnold, Publisher.
- Poems. By George John Romanes. Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers.
- Princess Désirée, The. By Clementina Black. Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers.
- Prophets of Israel, The. By Prof. C. H. Cornill, Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company.
- Sign of the Cross, The. By Wilson Barrett. J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers.
- Some Fair Hibernians. By Frances A. Gerard. Ward & Downey, Publishers.
- Story of Extinct Civilizations, The. By Robert E. Anderson. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.
- Three Boys in the Wild North Land. By the Rev. Egerton R. Young. Ward & Downey, Publishers.
- Three Homes, The. By Rev. F. W. Farrar. E. P. Dutton & Co., Publishers.
- Typical Selections from the Best English Writers. Clarendon Press.
- Uncanny Tales. By Mrs. Molesworth. Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers.
- Walt Whitman, The Man. By Thomas Donaldson. Illustrations and Facsimiles. Pp. 278. New York. Francis P. Harper, Publisher.
- Watch-Song of Heäbane the Witness, The. John Murray, Publisher.
- Year of Shame, The. By William Watson. John Lane, Publisher.

